



THE WEATHER.

Sunday rain or snow, followed by clearing; colder Monday, fair.

San Francisco—7.00 a. m. to 1.00 p. m. 44.00
New York—6.00 a. m. to 1.00 p. m. 44.00
Boston—6.00 a. m. to 1.00 p. m. 44.00
Chicago—6.00 a. m. to 1.00 p. m. 44.00
St. Louis—6.00 a. m. to 1.00 p. m. 44.00
San Francisco 15, Washington 15.

VOL. 10—No. 307.

CRASH RISE \$20,000 ROBBER

Cardinal O'Connell's Project for St. Elizabeth's Hospital Fund Meets Great Enthusiasm at City Club Banquet of Laymen.

By C. O'CONNELL GALVIN.

ALL in the cause of "Sweet Charity," hundreds of leaders among the Catholic laity of Boston sat at dinner in the main auditorium of the Boston City Club last evening and launched the cash campaign for the new St. Elizabeth Hospital with a spirit of enthusiasm rarely, if ever equalled, in the community.

One note dominated the assembly from the opening word of the first speaker till the final sentiment was spoken. It was that within ten days Cardinal O'Connell expects for \$200,000 to equip and complete the hospital shall be met with practical response to the last dollar, with many more beside.

After the Divine blessing had been invoked by Monsignor Spina, rector of the Cathedral, the exercises were begun by T. J. Falvey, chairman of the general committee in charge of the campaign, who introduced ex-Congressman Joseph H. O'Neill as toastmaster. No better toastmaster could have been chosen. His wit and eloquence, his wit and logic, his pleasantness of introduction all flowed fluently and as the hall was kept rolling without a stop of a second all through the evening.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITY.

There was no waste oratory. Telegraphic brevity was the style of the hour. Every speech had the punch of action. "Go out and get the money," was the slogan. And every time the word was given it was met with a storm of applause.

All that seemed to trouble Toastmaster O'Neill was the size of the sum asked for by the Cardinal. "It isn't half enough," he said, "it should have been half a million, and believe me, we'd get it well within the ten-day limit."

The Cardinal was absent, and he gave his reason in a letter read by Mr. Spina. It was that he wished to place the burden of the call upon the men of his diocese and he wanted the world to know they were equal to the task.

BATTERY OF SPEECHES.

And then followed a quick battery of speeches from men who know how to talk and to back their words with deeds. One after the other rose Humphrey O'Donnell of Lowell, Owen Cunningham of Dorchester, Jeremiah E. Burke, Dr. Creston of Haverhill, Judge Leverett, Judge Murray of East Boston, James E. Coffer, who spoke for Hyde Park, Judge Sheehan, Judge Keating of the Superior bench, Dr. John R. Slattery, chief surgeon of the St. Elizabeth hospital, who made clear, interesting statement of the character of the institution, where all who are sick are welcome without any discrimination whatever and where fully forty per cent. of the cases treated are absolutely free. And not a cent of salary would be sent to the hospital's finances for doctors, surgeons, sisters or nurses.

While Dr. Slattery was on his feet, a storm of applause greeted the entrance of Governor Walsh.

With every man in the hall standing, and the band playing "Hail to the Chief," the State's executive was escorted to the seat of honor reserved for him at the right of the toastmaster.

NAYOR ALSO CHERISH.

A few minutes earlier Mayor Fitzgerald had come in, and was escorted a similar demonstration of hearty welcome.

Opening his speech the Governor paid an impressive and graceful tribute to Mayor Fitzgerald, which

Continued on Page 2, Column 5.

Report British Troops in Ireland Are to Mobilize

LONDON, Jan. 24.—It is reported here tonight that the government has ordered all officers with Irish commands to hold themselves in readiness to mobilize their troops within twenty-four hours.

The orders were forwarded yesterday and are marked "secret."

It is asserted that the secret agents of the government have secured information which made a precautionary measure necessary.

Albert H. Waitt to Wed Brockton Girl

Mrs. Lillian B. Washburn to Be Millionaire's Bride.

Albert H. Waitt, the young Newton millionaire, whose father, Henry W. Waitt, built up the business of Waitt & Bond, cigar manufacturers, is to marry Mrs. Lillian Burdett Washburn of Brockton.

The engagement was announced last night by Mr. and Mrs. Burdett, parents of Mrs. Washburn. It will be the second marriage for both.

Mayor-Elect Back, Looking Cheerful

Had a Session With Ex-Senator Crane at Dalton.

And now see what a little visit to Uncle W. Murray Crane will do. Mayor-elect James M. Curley got back to town last night from Washington, after stop-overs at Atlantic City, Pittsfield and Dalton. On the way out and back the Mayor-elect had talked at length to newspapermen. The reporters broke away at Dalton and Mr. Curley spent a pleasant evening there with former United States Senator Crane, Republican chieftain and famous the country over as the man who could never be interviewed.

"I have given my last interview," Mr. Curley said last night, "at least until after the inauguration."

The Mayor-elect never looked better in his life. Mrs. Curley, too, appeared to have enjoyed the post-election trip.

Callie Hoke Smith Wearing an Ankle

Quite Becoming to Debutante Daughter of Senator.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Miss Callie Hoke Smith, debutante daughter of Senator and Mrs. Hoke Smith, wears a "wishing ankle" to bring her good luck during her first season. Many of the other debutantes of the night with a golden foot. Miss Smith's ankle is made of slender links of gold and fastens in the middle with a golden foot. When the wearer dances, the tiny golden tassel and anklet are in plain view. It is one of the prettiest and most successful debutantes of the season.

Sayres Return to the White House

President's Daughter and Her Husband Back from Honeymoon.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Sayres returned to the White House this evening accompanied by the eldest sister of Mrs. Sayres, Miss Margaret Wilson.

Mrs. Wilson and Miss Helen Woodrow Jones met her at the station and they entered the White House by the front door and not through the side door, which was the means of exit on their wedding day to elude a crowd of the curious.

Five Bostonians Meet Italy's Queen

ROME, Jan. 24.—Many Americans were present today to the Queen of Italy at the Royal Palace.

They included Mrs. John Hays Hammond and Miss Katherine D. Tillson, daughter of Colonel Samuel Tillson of New York; Colonel Robert Shaw Oliver, his wife and daughter, of New York and Washington; Miss Margaret Lane, Mrs. Margery Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Margaret Lillie and Miss Anna Middleton Moore of Boston; Miss Elizabeth Crawford Washburn of Philadelphia and Iris Nelson Morris of Chicago.

TANGO TEMPLE BOSTON'S NEW SOCIETY IDEA

Eight Social Arbiters Patronesses—Only '900' on 'Blue List' May Enter.

Boston has a real temple of the tango. Its name is Le Petit Trianon, and it's only for the most exclusive of the exclusive in Boston society.

Also it's here that all the modern dances are danced—all the dances EXCEPT the much criticized, individual tango. They call it a temple of the tango in the broad meaning of the word—tango as including all the up-to-date dances.

Le Petit Trianon is located on Boylston street, but you must pass it a hundred times a day and never recognize it as the home of society's fondness for the new fangled dances. But it's there, and what is more you could never enter in unless your name happened to be on the list drawn up by the arbiters of the enterprise. This is the "blue list." On it are just 900 names. It brings Boston's "elite hundred" into rivalry with New York's "Four Hundred." It is the work of the eight patronesses of Le Petit Trianon—the eight social arbiters of Boston society.

THE EIGHT ARBITERS.

They are: Mrs. Frederick S. Converse, Mrs. Francis B. Crowninshield, Mrs. George H. Fearing, Jr., Mrs. Eben D. Thayer, Mrs. B. V. R. Thayer, Mrs. Hugh D. Scott, Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, Mrs. Frederick S. Whitwell.

To enter the "Little Trianon" there are other essentials in addition to being one of the "Nine Hundred." These are: one of the engraved invitations, the signature of one of the patronesses and the admission fee of \$10.00. The signature is the passport identifying the bearer as being on the "blue list."

These invitations read as follows:

The favor of your attendance is requested at

Le Petit Trianon,

230 Boylston street,

on Saturday, January twenty-six, and every afternoon thereafter, from three until seven o'clock.

The Dancers

Admission \$10.00 to members and their guests only by presentation of the enclosed card with signature.

AFTER CANDLE LIGHTS.

Le Petit Trianon is modeled after New York society's famous Castle House—the little palace fitted up for Mrs. Seymour's ballroom, also the tango experts who teach Chaconne, "Four Hundred" and all the one-steps. Over here in Boston the actual tango dance is prohibited, and in its place are danced the following:

The "Castle Walk" invented by Mr. and Mrs. Oakley and introduced by them into society.

Urie David "Barefoot."

Miss Elizabeth "Horse" Chicken Flip, introduced by her at the Hamilton Club ball at the Copple-Pizza.

AND OTHER.

The "Dancers" portion of the invitation refers, of course, to the "tango flip," at which social chatter is indulged over the tango, while the one-steps are danced, on the waxed floor. Le Petit Trianon? That's what the fourth in the golden days of the tango, of France's grand mother, the "Little Trianon" was one of the several little palaces at Versailles where the great Louis entertained Madame de Maffin.

FORMER TEA ROOM.

The tango temple—which incidentally has set all society a-buzz with interest—was formerly a fashionable tea room. From the outside you'd never know it for the home of the one-steps. There are windows in the Louis XIV. style, with the outside panes behind the cute little windows and beyond that—

Well, the curtains simply shut off the gorgeous interior from the outside world from the public gaze.

In the middle of the Louis XIV. style entrance door, also tapestryed, there, however, do not open to the touch. The real entrance is elsewhere. Enter at the right, climb five steps and turn to your left. You see a glassed glass-paned door.

Continued on Page 11, Column 2.

HARVARD BEATS PRINCETON IN GREAT HOCKEY BATTLE

Defeats the Tigers, Score 2 to 1 in Third Extra Period, 6,000 SEE THE CONTEST

Small sports—especially the younger set—fairly squealed with excitement last night at the Boston Arena, where Harvard and Princeton hockey teams clashed on the indoor ice.

Harvard won by the score of 2 to 1. Three extra periods were required for a result. Two five-minute extras were played without score and then, by agreement the teams started on the third period, to play until the game was won. Twenty-three minutes and forty seconds of excitement followed, ending with the needed goal and victory for the Crimson skaters.

The Princeton Tiger came with blood in his eye and much confidence, because only a few nights back he licked Dartmouth on the same ice to the tune of 2 to 0.

So the Harvard match was figured as a scrappy one for the real hockey enthusiasts.

But society had its special interest in the Harvard youths and the eyes of the Boston girls were bright for the Harvard team.

It seemed to spectators last night as though a hockey gallery never held more comely maidens.

BEAUTY IN 6,000.

There were about 6,000 people crowded into the place, and every eye was riveted on a face of one kind or another.

Wifery fashion was in its glory, and the wags for fur was never better illustrated than on this cold weather evening.

The smartest shades in hats and the most expensive of furs and cloaks added richness to the scene.

Princeton sent 150 rosters in a body to yell for the Orange and Black. They yelled, too, yelled their heads off, in royal support of "Hobey" Baker and his fleet team-mates.

But every Princeton yell met more than its match, of course, in the volleys of Crimson cheers, supplemented by the ecstatic treble of the girls.

The betting set in about five to four on Princeton, on account of the charges of manslaughter in causing the death of Ralph P. Shea, a South End youth, in the hallway of the house, No. 10 West street, with tomorrow cross-examine witness Frederick L. Broadbent of Brookline.

In his direct testimony, Broadbent said he was drinking a cup of coffee in a restaurant near the corner of Elliot and Worrenton streets, about 11.30 p. m. on June 17, when he was attracted to the shouting of a girl: "Kill him, Ralph," twice.

The case, it is expected, will last all this week.

To Question Miller Witness Tomorrow

Patrolman is Expected to Tell Own Story

John P. Feeney, counsel for Patrolman Charles W. Miller, on trial in the Suffolk Superior Court on the charges of manslaughter in causing the death of Ralph P. Shea, a South End youth, in the hallway of the house, No. 10 West street, with tomorrow cross-examine witness Frederick L. Broadbent of Brookline.

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Bryan Laid Up With the Grippe

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Secretary of State Bryan lying slightly indisposed by attack of grippe, John Bassett Miller, counsel for the State Department, acted as Secretary of State today. Secretary Bryan's physician stated that he was no danger and probably would be able to resume his duties on Monday.

Governor Pothier's Mother Dies at 87

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 24.—Mrs. Dominette Pothier, mother of Gov. Dominette Pothier, died here today at the age of eighty-seven. She was born in St. Ours, P. Q., on October 17, 1827. She came to the home of her son, the Governor, at No. 172 Broad street, Woonsocket, following a severe cold, which ended in pneumonia. Mrs. Pothier leaves another son, Dr. Joseph P. Pothier of New Bedford, besides twelve grandchildren.

President Thanks Children for \$2.60

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—A group of school children from Anacostia, Mont., sent \$2.60 to President Wilson today as their contribution to the fund for the children who suffered in the Japanese earthquake last week. They gave up the "money" for a few days and sent as much as they could. President Wilson, who wrote the children of the children, thanking her for the contribution.

Julia Marlowe May Escape Operation

Doctor Finds Her Improved on Arrival in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 24.—Sending long telegrams to her husband, Dr. H. H. Marlowe, and playing with her fur, Julia Marlowe, the actress, as she sped across the continent from Los Angeles in her private car "Fidelity" because doctors declared she had appendicitis and must be operated on immediately. She arrived this afternoon.

But her condition tonight was so favorable, according to her physician, Dr. John R. Russell, that an operation is not deemed necessary. Dr. Russell said: "We will watch her condition for the next few days at her home and then determine whether the operation is a necessity. At present she is so much improved that she will not operate."

Lafayette Young, Ex-Senator, Sick

DEP. MUNNEN, Jan. 24.—Lafayette Young, sixty-five, formerly United States Senator and publisher of the New Maine Capital, is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Belmont at Temple

NEWPORT SOCIETY LEADER STIRS THOUSANDS BY SUFFRAGE SPEECH

"Antis" Quiet at Rally

MRS. BELMONT, READING SUFFRAGE SPEECH



MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT, the Newport and New York representative of riches and social power, lifted the standard of "Vote for Women" on Tremont Temple platform last night in a crowd of thousands, which went home to the men and women who crowded that big auditorium.

Even the "Antis," who were in the hall with hostile faces, felt the force of Mrs. Belmont's appeal, as she swept from one period to another in her address.

BIG IMPETUS TO CAUSE.

The real suffragist—the members of the Boston Equal Franchise Association for Good Government, which arranged the meeting—were filled with enthusiasm. This was Mrs. Belmont's first appearance at a suffrage rally in Boston, and the local workers were delighted at the impetus she gave the cause here.

The weather man seemed to be an "Anti" for this occasion. He forecast a January thaw for a foundation and overlaid a misty drizzle on top of that. But short skirts and suffrage were proof against any such and the big auditorium was filled.

Mrs. Belmont summarized into four points with suffrage.

First she replied to the "utterly different" then to the "self-sufficiency" of the "division elements" and lastly the "crisis."

As Mrs. Belmont swept along in her speech her remarks were punctuated again and again with applause.

Following her speech the applause was tremendous, so much so that she arose finally and thanked the audience for its enthusiasm for the cause which she represented.

She was then presented with a silk flag made by Miss W. D. Hand of No. 33 Chestnut street, Fairhaven, a seventy-year-old suffragist who, it was said, had been active in the cause for thirty years.

Continued on Page 3, Column 5.

CRANE'S REVENUE DOCTOR

Former Senator Shaping New Policy of Railroad, According to State Street Reports—Elliot Resignation Rumor Heard

Dalton Man Working Quietly but Hard on Rehabilitation of New England's Transportation Company—Forced to Seek Peace

FORMER United States Senator W. Murray Crane, one of the ablest business men in the United States, is today the man absolutely in charge of the higher affairs of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Ex-Senator Crane is said by State Street men in a position to know to be the author of the New Haven's well-known, be-gone policy. He has directed the directors of the railroad in their recent dealings with government officials.

It was the institution of the great Hepburn law of 1906, which necessitated that finally brought the only big men of the New Haven group to see that the only thing for them to do was to get in line with the policy of the present administration.

Mr. Crane is siding in the work of rehabilitating the New Haven in the good graces of the government and the people just as he proceeded in the past with more big affairs.

SILENT, BUT BUSY.

He is making no noise. He is keeping his temper. He is working fifteen hours a day, sometimes longer. The results, his friends and admirers declare, are to be seen already.

Some of those who yesterday "identified" Mr. Crane as the man of the moment in railroad affairs in New England said that it was also being whispered about that Chairman Howard Elliott of the New Haven is not altogether pleased with the situation he was brought on from the Northwest to face and has intimated more than once lately that he is almost ready to resign. But everything who had the Crane "trip" also had the Elliott rumor, but nevertheless it was being said.

Mr. Crane is in the prime of life. He has been active in business and Republican politics for so long a time that people who know him only through the newspapers usually assume that he is one of the "elder statesmen."

GOVERNOR AT 46.

The fact is that the Master of Dalton will not be sixty years old until next April. He was only forty-six when, in 1905, he began his first of three terms as Governor of Massachusetts.

Mr. Crane is a power of the first rank in the great telephone business of the nation. No man can exert more influence in bringing the big business affairs of the country into line with the administration of the New Haven. This, it is said, Mr. Crane is determined to do, and will success, first in the matter of the New Haven's rehabilitation, and now in the great need of the New Haven Railroad.

German Lloyd Line Begins Big Rate War

Kaiser Wilhelm de Grosse to Be Fitted Up for 3rd Class Business.

HILDESMER, Germany, Jan. 24.—The transatlantic passenger rate war between the German shipping company was opened today with an announcement by the North German Lloyd that its steamer Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse would be placed at the exclusive disposal of third-class and steerage passengers. These travelers will hereafter cross the ocean at third-class rates, which will enable them to the same accommodations, saloons and speed, as are provided for first-class passengers.

Coming! With Next SUNDAY AMERICAN! The ONCE-A-MONTH Magazine Free!

28 PAGES. HARRISON FISHER COVER. IT WILL BE THE TALK OF THE TOWN. DON'T MISS IT. ORDER SUNDAY AMERICAN NOW

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Appeal for Aid for Fishermen in Ice

GLOUCESTER, Jan. 24.—Gloucester vessel owners and fishing captains last night waited anxiously to learn whether Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt would grant a plea made by Congressman Augustus P. Gardner in behalf of Fred L. Davis.

Davis, President Thomas J. Carroll of the Board of Trade, and Thomas M. Nickerson of Bucksport, and order a sea going tug to the Bay of Islands, Newfoundland, in an attempt to liberate three fishing vessels pinned in the ice there with holds filled with

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Newton refused Mr. Gardner's appeal for a revenue cutter on the ground that the New England coast would be inadequately protected.

RASH BURNED
SOMETHING FIERCE.

Pimples and Very Itchy. On Face and Arms. Could Not Sleep. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

38 Exchange St., Rockland, Mass.—"I was troubled with a pimply rash on my body that was very itchy and would burn.

body you was very strong and would beat something fierce. The first trouble I ever had was some two years ago and I was poisoned by a gypsy moth. My face and arms had an itch and a burning that was hard to stand. The rash was pimply and red and very troublesome. As for sleeping I could

"I tried several salves and ointments and still the trouble continued. I was some fifteen months trying to get the better of the trouble. I had the trouble until I used Cu-

ERUPTION ITCHED AND BURNED

R. F. D. No. 3, Box 36, Laconia, N. H.—
"Several years ago I had a bad eruption on
my arms. They were all broken out and
itched and burned and I lost sleep on ac-
count of it. I used one cake of Cuticura
Cream and one bar of Cuticura Soap and

soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and was cured. I have never had anything of the kind since." (Signed) Mrs. Emma H. Moulton, April 15, 1913.

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

**Your Baby will be
happier,**
He will smile
oftener, he will

5c Davidson



**"Feed E-Z"
Nipple**
It permits a

This Patented Rib
Does the Work
the rib—and not through baby's mouth as with other nipples. No spurring or clogging or choking. Perfectly sanitary. **Cannot collapse** or cause distress and colic.

FREE Send us the name to your
druggist and 10 cents coin
or stamps) for two nipples for standard
size bottles and we will include one
extra nipple **FREE**.
DAVIDSON RUBBER CO.
Box 48 K BOSTON, MA-33

One Price Dentists

Full Set Teeth \$5. Worth \$10
Best Red Rubber. Thin Real
 We are the only dentists in America with a fixed fee schedule of fees which we never deviate from; a printed list of prices hangs beside each chair; we do exactly as we advertise.



Gold
Teeth
Free on
Plate for
this
Coupon

Come here in the morning and have your bad teeth extracted and replaced before evening by Skill's wonderful 3-section plate or bridge work, which makes it impossible to detect artificial teeth in your mouth. All work done painless by the most up-to-date method. No students employed. Lady attendants.

Bridge Work. Free.

Best	White Crowns	\$3
Best	Gold Crowns	
Guaranteed	10 Years	
Best	Silver Fillings	50¢

SKILL DENTAL CO.

A. 427 Washington St., Boston
Next to Gilchrist's, Directly opp. Prime's
Hours 8:30 to 6. Sat. 9 p. m., Sun. 10 to 1.

Make the Liver, Do its Duty

stomach and bowels are right.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
 gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.



Caro Con-
stipation,
Indiges-
tion,
Bile
Headache, and Distress after Eating.

Genuine must bear Signature
Bread & Food

10

Enter the Tango "Garter" Really Should Be "Gaiter" A Concession to Modesty

Exhibited in Chicago as Aid to Dancers Whose Dresses Are Not Properly Sized.

By MIRIAM MILTON.

CHICAGO, Jan. 24.—We have had

to eliminate anything from the

new business around Boston is the

job Assistant District Attorney

Thomas Lavelle has set for himself.

"A lot of crooks have been trailing

on the reputation the moving picture

business has won as a money

maker to the reputation innocent people and

it will have to stop," said Mr. Lavelle.

"And the old army game of selling

interests in shows that either do not

exist or are in a defunct state has

also been flourishing lately. Most

of all is the theatrical and dancing

shows which guarantee to put stars

struck upon the stage for so much

per girl, and don't make good."

"We have secured four convictions

in the false theatrical case and we

are after more," explained the as-

stant district attorney.

These are the schemes that are

to be cleaned up, according to

Lavelle.

"The house dancing schools of stage

entire which get money by guaran-

teeing that they are not

the show owners who are willing

to tell boys and interest in the show,

for any amount.

The moving picture house propo-

sitioners who sell half interests in a

defunct playhouse, and after each vic-

tor gets out from under it, this is the latest game.

CHARGES AGAINST ONE PAIR.

Frank H. Jones and Patrick A. Gal-

agher are alleged to have repeatedly

made a half interest in the Back Bay

theatre, by misrepresenting its earning

capacity.

The first alleged victim was named

Laurie A. Burnham. He paid \$100 de-

posit for a half interest, and \$500 to

close the deal. He stayed a week and

lost \$1000 in the running expenses

of the theatre. He went to Jones

and Gallagher and says they told him

he was a sucker and something should

be done about it.

They are charged with selling

to two friends, who got out after

a couple of weeks. Next Henry H.

Gallagher of North Westmouth in-

vested. He stayed a month. He says

Gallagher was surprised to find no

business.

After him came Charles Knapp.

He asked him \$2000 and accepted \$1000.

He was charged with conspiracy. They

are alleged to have been getting

money for teaching men how to

examine pictures for moving

picture operator with out delivering

the pictures.

Charles H. Baker and Harry Avery

are charged with the same offense.

Irving F. Moore and James W.

Richman, a broker, are convicted of

the same offense. They were

owners of the "Purple Widow" in

which they sold their interests to

various persons.

SCHEMERS CONVICTED.

Walter Brannagan, proprietor of a

school of dramatic art, has also been

convicted and will be sentenced next

week. He had used such a "best

appearing girls of over twenty-on

to make

Some of the shows in which Brann-

agan has interested have been under

the name of "The Girl of the Year."

He has taught ballet and

wing, toe dancing and Spanish

dancing, according to the announce-

ment, but the results were said to be

very bad.

One of the nervous wives was that

of the Waller H. Green of the

W. H. Green Vase Agency, John

W. Green, who was to do in

demand for a man to act as ticket

taker and one-third owner in a mov-

ing picture house, \$500.

The Green agency, and put

as an office boy in Green's office,

he was told that he would have a

moving picture house in the Fall. He

was not to get into the picture

office. Green has been convicted and

has a sentence of six months.

There are legitimate moving pic-

ture schools, dramatic schools, and

theatrical agencies, said Mr. La-

velle, and they are as much inter-

ested as the government in cleaning

up these evils.

Miss Clark to Head

Settlement Workers

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Headed by

Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of

the speaker, a hundred society debut-

antes in the official set have been

organized as a "Junior auxiliary" for

the kindergarten work of the Wash-

ington House, a social settlement for

children and their parents.

Taking up the kindergarten work

city began years ago by Mrs. Phoebe

Carroll. Miss Clark and her

associates will undertake the financing

of the enterprise by giving entertain-

ments and dances.

More Collectors

of Income Tax

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Connis-

son of Internal Revenue Bureau

today announced the appointment of

additional agents and inspectors to

aid in the collection of the income

tax. The appointees follow: Con-

necticut, Charles D. Mitchell, inspec-

tor, New Haven; Rhode Island, Charles

W. Murphy, inspector, Providence.

Labor to Co-operate

with the Farmers

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Co-opera-

tion of the farmers of the United States

the country was decided upon by the

national council of the American

Association of Labor.

Tango Decalogue A Woman's "Shall Not's"

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 24.—

Mr. Charles McCarthy, president

of the San Mateo Women's Club

has issued a set of ten command-

ments for tango dancers. Here they

are:

I.—The man should have only

one arm around his partner.

II.—The couple should face one

another.

III.—They should always re-

main at an angle.

IV.—The girls' right arm

should remain at a right angle

across her waist line.

V.—Step to be followed

should be that of the Parisian

dancer. All others should be

placed under the ban.

VI.—Neither dancer should lift

the feet higher than three inches.

VII.—There should be no rag

steps.

VIII.—All steps outside of the

tango should be of old-fashioned

two-step and waltz.

IX.—Women dancing the tango

should not be allowed to wear

the silk skirt.

X.—There should be no leaning

back or stooping forward on the

part of the woman.

The "dances of the year," an-

nounced Miss Collier, are graceful.

The acrobatic and muscular dances

which were in vogue last season have

gone out. Sensational leaps, exhibi-

tion of strength, and contortions

and such things have had their day.

We are not teaching such things.

We teach the tango as it should be

danced, and the dances of the

past.

Founded with vulgar exhibitions

called the tango by many people, the

tango is itself a clean, healthful

and attractive dance, devoid to any

taunting rivalry.

The matrons were Mrs. James E.

Thomas, wife of the headmaster, and

Mrs. Adeline H. Parker and Mrs.

Louisa K. Humphrey of the teaching

staff.

Captain Louis L. Morse was first

director. His aids included Cap-

tains Albert R. Nichols, Robert D.

Smith, William T. Thomas, Roger P.

Smith and William W. Morrissey, Jr.

and Lieutenants George M. Baker, L.

A. Cameron, Nelson P. Howlin and

Donald Reeves.

Experts Will Tango

at the State House

Masked Dancers Will Appear Before

the Social Committee.

The bumpy-bug, the grizzly, the

chickadee, the Argentine, and of

course, the tango are going to be

danced at the State House by ex-

pert men and women in masks

for the information of the commit-

tee on Social Welfare.

Representative Lewis J. Sullivan

of Ward 25, Dorchester, made the an-

ouncement last night. He would

be of the name of the dancers.

"They call my bill 'The Tenny

bill,' said the Dorchester repre-

sentative, 'but this is only partly

correct. It is aimed at the prohibition

of all immoral dances. If a dance

is immoral, this bill will not in-

terfere with it. It is aimed at the

prohibition of all immoral dances.

There will be a number of vau-

deville acts, the tango, the waltz,

the polka, and the like, and the

committee will be from 8 p. m.

to 2 a. m.

The committee in charge last

night was: Chairman, Benjamin

Waldman, vice-president, Abraham

Hayes, secretary, Henry

Morris Miller, Samuel

W. B. Mahoney, and

Dallas. The officers will wear

costly costumes in the place of

baggy.

WORLD RECORD TOURIST TEACHES TANGO IN MB

John Meirs, Who Broke Globe

Gridling Record, Introduces

the "Maxima."

The man, a variation of the

tango from Brazil, has been brought

to Boston and is being introduced to

the public by John Meirs and

Meirs, who was shown at the tango

previously after the Cop-

pley class of the education of

several hundred couples, who immedi-

ately after and set out to practice the

new tango.

Miss Hilly Collier is a pretty and

vivacious teacher, who is light-

ly and extremely graceful. Mr.

Meirs is the man who went around

the world in thirty-five days last

summer for a New York paper. He

is also a good dancer. Both have

theatrical experience, and Miss Col-

lier is well known on the stage.

They learned the maxima from a

Brazilian professor in New York re-

cently, and they are sure that it will

be the dance of the season. As far

as the spectators could see, the maxi-

ma is danced on the heels chiefly,

and the lady's head remains upon the

beams of the room rather more

than in the ordinary tango, turkey

trot

RUSH U. S. CRUISER MONTANA TO HAYTI

Warship on Way to Port au Prince to Protect Foreign Interests.

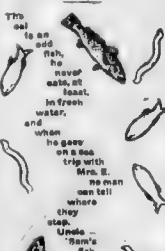
WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—The cruiser Montana, it was learned today, has been ordered to Havre, France, at the request of the British Government, and the Montana is to take station at Port au Prince while the Nashville, already at Cape Haitien, will remain there and prevent injury to American citizens and property.

How to Beautify a Weatherbeaten Face

It is a very common sight to see a woman with a face that has been weathered by the sun and wind, and the result is a face that is not only disfigured but also a source of great distress to the woman. The only way to prevent this is by using a good skin cream. The cream should be applied every day, and it should be a cream that is not only good for the skin but also for the complexion. The cream should be a cream that is not only good for the skin but also for the complexion. The cream should be a cream that is not only good for the skin but also for the complexion.

EEL MYSTERY

What Does Her Eat, and Where TO BE SOLVED



How to Beautify a Weatherbeaten Face

Zionists to Hold Big Mass Meeting Today

Thousands of Zionists from all parts of the State are expected to attend the mass meeting that will be held today in the Hub Theatre, Dorchester and Washington streets, in the afternoon. The meeting will be held in the Hub Theatre, Dorchester and Washington streets, in the afternoon. The meeting will be held in the Hub Theatre, Dorchester and Washington streets, in the afternoon.

Bar and Bottle Bill Tested in Lowell

First Prohibitions Under Law That Costs City \$35,000 a Year.

LOWELL, Jan. 24.—The first prosecutions in the State under the "bar and bottle" law have been undertaken in Lowell, with Charles Cunningham of Fayette street and L. P. Torretto of Worthen street as defendants. These men hold final licenses which permit liquor to be sold and drunk on the premises. It is alleged that officers sought liquor in both places and carried it away. In the case of Torretto, a clerk was arrested in police court and fined \$30. The other case has not come to trial.

Heed 'Clear Walk' Appeal by Mayor

Blush Following True Made Pedestrians Unhappy.

Mayor Fitzgerald yesterday appealed to pedestrians to heed the "clear walk" sign, which is placed at the corners of the city streets. The sign is a white sign with the words "clear walk" in black letters. The sign is placed at the corners of the city streets. The sign is a white sign with the words "clear walk" in black letters.

Women Here to Ask Job for Miss Marshall

Massachusetts women's organizations are expected to ask for the appointment of Miss Marshall to the position of director of the State's public health service. The organizations are expected to ask for the appointment of Miss Marshall to the position of director of the State's public health service. The organizations are expected to ask for the appointment of Miss Marshall to the position of director of the State's public health service.

WOMEN OF MALDEN JOIN IN WAR VICE

Continued from First Page.

as the question of sex hygiene, is the verdict of a fourth.

The trouble is not traceable as much to juvenile who come under the "clear walk" law, as it is to the "older young men" who are the ones to be aware of it. It would be a good thing if some of them could be reached.

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a strong hint against immorality here.

We shall begin with the parents, the mothers and fathers and tell them precisely what the conditions are, and urge them to unite with us to protect their daughters. This, we feel, is the first way to the heart of the matter.

The Women's Civic League is composed of "older most prominent and respected women."

Mr. Joseph W. Higgins, former chairman of the Malden Board of Health, said that he had not yet had time to discuss ways and means to check the alarming condition of the city.

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Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Behind the investigations of the police, the revelations of a shocking character, revelations that roused to a high pitch of indignation the leading citizens called in private conferences to hear the facts.

WANT CONVICTIONS.

This conference took place after the society had sent a young woman agent to investigate conditions in Malden, and later a man to assist her.

The wholesale nature of the evidence resulted in the arrest and conviction of thirteen persons and later thirty-seven men and women were held in court on serious charges.

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Quick Home Cure for Piles

Will You Spend a Post Card for It?

If you are a sufferer from piles, you will find this cure to be the most effective and the most reliable. It is a cure that is not only good for the piles but also for the complexion. The cure should be a cure that is not only good for the piles but also for the complexion.

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Be Sure and Read Page 8G For Particulars About White's Great February Furniture Sale

White's Great February Furniture Sale. This is a sale that is not only good for the furniture but also for the complexion. The sale should be a sale that is not only good for the furniture but also for the complexion.

Read Every Item Carefully It Will Pay You Well

Women's Coats	Waists
25.00 to 45.00 Winter Coats, 10.00	\$1.50 Lingerie Waists, 1.00
25.00 to 37.50 Winter Coats, 15.00	\$2.50 and 35.00 Lingerie Waists, 1.50
	50c to 1.00 Lingerie Waists, 1.50
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SALTONSTALL IS
HARVARD HERO

Wins Great Hockey Game from
Princeton in a "Sudden
Death" Period.

Princeton, N. J., Jan. 24.—Saltonstall, a Harvard player, was the hero of the game of hockey between the Harvard and Princeton teams, which was played at Princeton, N. J., last night. The game was a "sudden death" affair, and Saltonstall scored the winning goal in the final period.

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SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT By TAD



ED SMITH'S
TALKS
ON SPORTS

ALREADY the night has been a long one for Ed Smith, who is talking on sports. He is a well-known sportsman and has been talking for many years.

Ed Smith, a well-known sportsman, is talking on sports. He is a well-known sportsman and has been talking for many years.

Ed Smith, a well-known sportsman, is talking on sports. He is a well-known sportsman and has been talking for many years.

French Are 'Wise' to
Jack Johnson Now

Naughton Says They Will Be 'From Missouri' in the Moran Fight.

By W. W. NAUGHTON.
THERE is certainly no sign of decadence about the French nation. It is quick to originate and quick to learn, and in many fields of endeavor it is quick to take the lead. For proof of this, reflect a moment on what France has added to the sum of the world's knowledge in connection with automobile and air navigation. And without wishing to drop too suddenly from the sublime to the commonplace, think of the Frenchman who has been the first to make a successful flight.

There are other things that the French have done. They have been the first to make a successful flight. They have been the first to make a successful flight.

There are other things that the French have done. They have been the first to make a successful flight. They have been the first to make a successful flight.

DAY'S
DREAMS

FLASH BY BRAINLESS.
At last the man who discovered Walter Johnson has been found. His name is Legion.

There is ever hope. When a diamond dies deep in the earth. And a diamond dies deep in the earth.

There is ever hope. When a diamond dies deep in the earth. And a diamond dies deep in the earth.

MILLIONAIRE KID
BACKS ALTIMORE

Carroll Rasin, Not Ned Hanlon,
Is Mysterious Man Behind
the New Team.

By FRANK G. MENKE.
NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—It was not covered today that Carroll Rasin, not Ned Hanlon, is the real boss of the Baltimore Federal League club, which puts a healthy suspicion on Federal League affairs.

REPORTED COUP TO
BLOCK FEDERAL LEAGUE
HEAD FALLS THROUGH
HARTFORD, Jan. 24.—Organized baseball attempts to halt Carroll Rasin, president of the Chicago Federal Club, with an offer of an American Association franchise, according to a story which went out this afternoon.

Soldier Fives Play
Two Lowell Games

LOWELL, Jan. 24.—Company G, Sixth Regiment, Massachusetts, defeated Company F, Fifth Regiment, Massachusetts, in a game of soldier fives, which was played at the Lowell Athletic Association grounds, Lowell, Mass., last night.

Sweeping Raids on
New York Gunmen

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—In one of the most sweeping raids made in this city in a long time, Police Commissioner William J. Donovan today ordered the arrest of a large number of gunmen.

M. I. T. Quintet Wins
from Winchester

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 24.—The M. I. T. quintet, which was composed of five students from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, won a game of basketball from the Winchester team, which was composed of five students from the Winchester School of Commerce.

Old Timers of Ring
Are Worth Fortunes

John L. Sharkey, Jeffries and Corbett Wealthy—
Fitz Says He's Broke

By M. M. WALKER.
WHAT has become of the "Old Timer" of the ring? A few mornings ago a "bloodthirsty boxer" raced across the plains, with a moving picture operator in hot pursuit.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—It looked up as the most miserly man in the sports world. It is an open scandal that the boxer who has made his name in the ring has become a pauper.

Newton Soldier Boys
Win at Basketball

WEST NEWTON, Jan. 24.—The Newton Soldier Boys basketball team won a game from the Newton team, which was played at the Newton Athletic Association grounds, Newton, Mass., last night.

Calumets Win Most
Points from Colonials

WINCHESTER, Jan. 24.—The Calumet Club basketball team won a game from the Colonial Club, which was played at the Winchester Athletic Association grounds, Winchester, Mass., last night.

"Chats on Whiskey"

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 24.—The "Chats on Whiskey" series of lectures, which were given by the Charleston Athletic Association, were well attended and were very interesting.

SEND FOR "CUT PRICE" LIST ON ALL LIQUORS
Sterne Bros. 171 Summer Street
BOSTON - MASS.



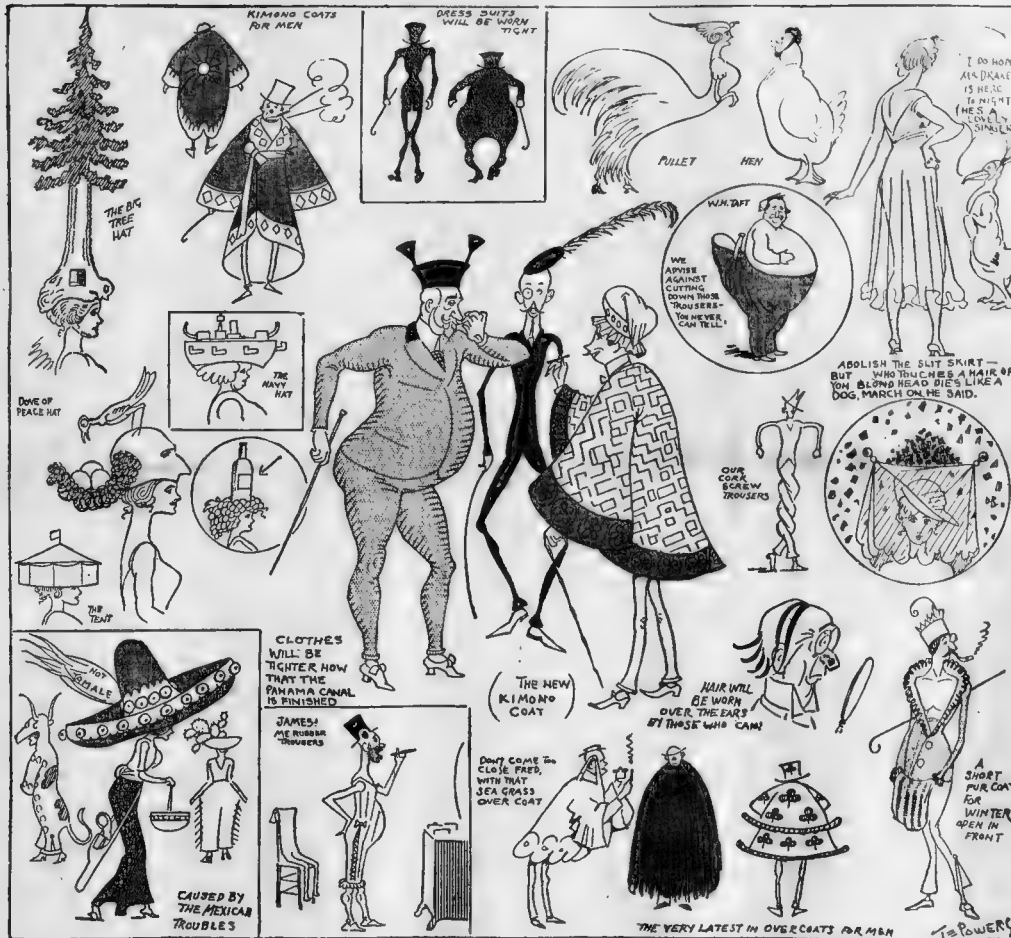
CITY LIFE AND SPORTING SECTION OF THE BOSTON Sunday American



Forecast of Spring Fashions

By T. E. Powers, the Famous Cartoonist

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.



Ballads of Broadway—By Edward Madden the Writer of Song Hits

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Production Rights Restricted.
No. 1—Servants
JOHN, the waiter, makes a fuss,
Strains a point at serving us,
As we rant and rave and cuss
In a mood dyspeptic.
Charmed by his solicitude
And the fulness of the food,
We assume a calmer mood.
Quite unlike the beguile.
After all, we ruminate,
He who has to serve and wait
Must live out a sorry fate.
Poverty is gripping.
When we come to settle we,
As an act of charity,
Show our generosity,
Greatly over-tipping.



As we rise to turn to go,
See the coat boy—little Joe—
Watching us with eyes aglow—
On our trail he's sticking.
Soon he tenders us a hat,
With the crown all crushed in flat;
Still, we're getting used to that—
What's the use of kicking?
As our clothing we arrange
We decide the hat feels strange;
Some one there has made a change.
With our Dunlop skipping,
Joe informs us, with a sob,
This will make him lose his job;
So, with a remorseful throb,
We continue tipping.

Poor Joe! the boy who takes the hats,
His life is full of glooms;
He owns a row of Harlem flats,
While we've a furnished room.

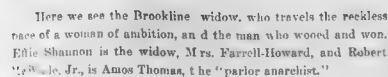


Just outside the door we stand,
Close beside a stunkie grand;
With an air of stern command
Coldly he looks o'er us.
Then we flash a bulky roll,
Then we conjure and cajole,
Almost losing self-control,
Till he can't ignore us.
Moving with a stately tread,
Solemnly he nods his head,
Signalling a taxi, red,
Driven by a sinner.
With a bill we thank him, then
When we're time to think again
We find our tips have been
Twice the cost of dinner.

And now, since figures proved to me
The profit and the loss,
By all the gods! I'd rather be
The servant than the boss.

She Was 48 When She Quit Serene Life. For Results See "Years of Discretion" at the Tremont Theatre

Here we see the Brookline widow, who travels the reckless race of a woman of ambition, and the man who wooed and won. Effie Shannon is the widow, Mrs. Farrell-Howard, and Robert "Doc" Mc. Jr., is Amos Thomas, the "parlor anarchist."



MRS. HOWARD—Yes, yes. Now please go. I'll write you.

THOMAS—See that you do.

(Mrs. Brinton knocks on door and enters, not seeing AMOS.)

MRS. BRINTON—Elle, have you forgotten your appointment with Dillard? He's here.

(AMOS at that, stops and looks at Mrs. Howard as much as to say, "So you led to me" comes down and gives a slight grunt.)

THOMAS—Go!

(Thomas exits.) Mrs. Brinton seeing him, turns and watches him off, then to Mrs. Howard and asks her in a surprised manner.)

MRS. BRINTON—Why Elie, how did he—

(Mrs. Howard stopping her goes to her.)

MRS. HOWARD—Oh, Peci! I told him Dillard wasn't coming. He's afraid of him. He's had an awful scene. Peci, that man'll shoot us, if I'm not careful.

(This dialogue is reproduced through special

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thirty dollars. so I said yours are crazy, ain't you? For what I owe you thirty dollars?" He said for the wine we bought. I said I didn't buy any wine and I didn't ask you for any wine, and I wanted to go out, so he comes me and Meyer a grab and says if it was his money, he would have us arrested. And a lot people came running around, so I was ashamed, but if I wasn't afraid what we would be so disgraced you could be sure I would never let Meyer pay him that \$20.

"So how careful a person must be? But say, how we enjoyed talking about this, and we had talked to me many times already about that thirty dollars, and I don't really so much the talk about the thirty dollars what I enjoy as much as I do the thought from old times, and while talking about old times I got a big reward from Meyer for my services to him, and such a nice man he is that mitmost service he lend me \$1,000 cash. I tell you, Milton, I never had such a good time in my whole life like I had yesterday."

"Well," interrupted Milton, "I am certainly glad to hear it, but you haven't told me yet what you did about buying those lots from him."

"Well, Milton," said Muehlbach, "I really ain't got much to say about that because the truth is that as much as me and Meyer were together and talked and talked, he wouldn't say a word those lots."

"What was the trouble? Why couldn't you buy 'em? He ought to be glad to sell 'em because they're nothing but swamps and wouldn't be worth anything without the oil wells on 'em. You may be already knows about the oil wells being found on them."

"Say it ain't so quick there's oil wells like you are saying," remarked Muehlbach.

Meyer's chance to buy them from him and if I were you, I'd make sure about that," answered Milton.

"Well, said Milton, "I did before I sold them to Sam Menz."

Exclusive designs. REAL WOOL FELT—NOT the cheap shoddy cotton kind regularly sold by fakers for 10c. There is no comparison. Letters are embossed with wool felt—NOT cheap paint. Size 34 inches by 15 inches

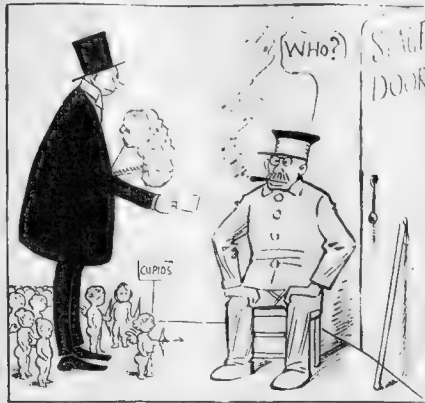


Cornell

High Crown Colors for Felt and Buttons	High Crown Colors for Buttons
U. S. A. (Dark blue and white).....	Radcliffe (Red and white).....
Caroline (Red and yellow).....	Technology (Red and gray).....
Paul Revere (Buff and blue).....	Cornell (Blue and white).....
Red Sox (Red and white).....	Pennsylvania (Blue and red).....
Massachusetts (Blue and white).....	Yankee (Gold, red and gray).....
Army (Black, yellow and gray).....	Boetie College (Maroon and gold).....
Navy (Dark blue and white).....	Columbia (Light blue and white).....

It's a Merry World, Mates!

By T. E. POWERS, the Famous Cartoonist



Cherry Valley Notes.

By Old Joe Bigger.

Mrs. J. Bigger, who has a very nice home in Cherry Valley, has a new house built for her son, J. Bigger, who is a very nice man and a very nice man.

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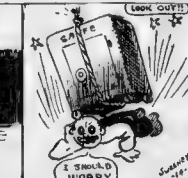
THE MORNING SMILE

Wex Jones, Editor

Boston, Sunday, January 23, 1914.

Vol. III.

No. 7



On Becoming an Artist

A Few Hints to a Beginner Who Submits Specimens of His Work.

RECENTLY we received the following letter:

Comic Editor of the Smile—(We suppose you do look comic)—Noticing your need of something comic in the Smile I submit herewith a comic drawing which will give your comic readers something comic.

SWEENEY HURRYMAN KNOTT.

The comic drawing is reproduced herewith, and we congratulate Mr. Knott on his mastery work in combining the justly celebrated broom, the well known banana peel, the famous auto and the familiar safe in one gorgeous specimen of comicality.

Poetic Flower Names.

Notice that any one giving \$100 to the International Flower Show will have a flower named after them. Great chance for J. Ham Lewis, Colonel Abe Slupsky, Dopey Benny, Hoke Smith, Gumbat Smith and ever so many others. A rose named after Bath Mouse John would be a winner.

Did You Know That—

Harry Thaw was sane?

On the left side of the Panama Canal there are 4 alligators, 12 palm trees and 1 shore?

A bobcat may also be a tomato?

On the planet Mars all the same people are kept locked up, as the Martians find less cells are needed this way?

In these days, Little Red Riding Hood would have to be Little Red Motor Car Hood?

George Bernard Shaw admits he steals any good literary stuff he sees, but we can't do up what he does with it?

A prize fighter always gives a boxing exhibition, not a prize fight, but boxers like mad if he doesn't get the prize?

For rheumatism a tango tea is better than sage tea?

You will never suffer from cramps in the toes if you adopt wooden legs?

Our Weekly Health Hint.

If you catch a cold, shake it.

WINTER HINTS

Heavy woollen underwear will not tickle the skin if worn outside the overcoat.

It is foolish for a girl to have chaps on her hands. She should give the other girls a chance.

An unfauling cure for lassitude is a snowball in the back of the neck.

Oysters are in season all winter. So are thick blankets, which are much warmer.

Irish stew is a good winter dish, but it should not be eaten.

Skating on the ice is a pleasant pastime if done on skates and not on the back of the head.

If the bathroom floor chills your feet in the mornings walk on your hands.

From the Deck.

Morris Menges writes: A cat may look at a king, but it takes an ace to stop on him.

IN THE SMILE'S LETTER BOX

A FEW REASONS.

TO THE EDITOR—Here are some of the reasons that have caused me at various times to descend from the water wagon:

We ran over a violet, and I couldn't stand for the cruelty.

The lack of flavor in water.

No reason at all. (375 times.)

We ran over a blade of grass and the bump knocked me off.

(Note: I don't tire myself holding too tight.)

I thought the wagon might break down, so I hopped off.

I fell off on my head.

JAKE MANACLES

A GOOD SCHEME.

TO THE EDITOR—Recently I read a very entertaining story in the Cosmopolitan about a boy who objected to being called a little gentleman. Might be a good way to irritate Huerta of Mexico.

J. BRANS

JUST FOR FUN

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Home sick.

"Did you give this man the third degree?" asked the police officer.

"Yes. We browbeat and badgered him with every question we could think of."

"He dozed off and merely murmured now and then, 'Yes, my dear. You're perfectly right.'"

Foolish Question.

"How do you feel this morning?" asked the doctor, meeting a well-known Kentucky colonel.

"Rotten, sah. How would you feel if you were to feel in the morning, sah?" was the reply.

Heading Him Off.

"I AM glad you have bought a pair of shoes. What will you do if you learn bad language?"

"No, son; punish you."

And She Believed It.

MISS BROWN had come to spend the winter with friends in a little New Jersey town and exhibited keen interest in the much talked-of "Jersey skeeter."

When the greetings were over and she had settled down, she remarked to her host, after a careful survey of the town:

"I don't see any mosquito netting in this town."

"No," answered he, "we're using no netting."

E Pluribus Unum.

"MY daughters," remarked a Frenchman,

"Our figures are thin, so should you."

How It Happened.

"Well, y'see, m'dear, I got up in the dark."

"And you got the wrong bottle."

"No, m'dear, I gotta right 'til I'd."

The Young Idea.

SUSIE (aged six)—And when we grow up we'll be married. I want to.

Tommy?

Tommy (sighing)—No, m'dear, I can't. I've got to see your family. Your papa has weak eyes and your auntie has spots.

Smoke and Smoke.

A NEW York physician and cigarette fiend was undergoing reproof of his habit from a Pittsburgh friend, also a physician.

"Stop it; cut it out," said the Pittsburgh man. "You know what a cigarette smoker's lungs look like, don't you?"

"The Little Cafe"

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I THOUGHT I knew

A little of the world's history,

What I thought I knew

Since I thought I knew

Since I thought I knew

Since I thought I knew

Since I thought I knew

Since I thought I knew

Since I thought I knew

Since I thought I knew

Since I thought I knew

Since I thought I knew

Since I thought I knew

THE LAST DAYS

—When this week ends, our January Sale will be perfect. But, and that is the reason, this week we have a **HARVEST WEEK FOR**

- JANUARY SALE OF LINENS AND COTTONS
- JANUARY SALE OF LACES AND EMBROIDERIES
- JANUARY SALE OF UNDERWEAR
- JANUARY SALE OF DRAPERIES AND BEDS

Shepard Formel Company

WINTER STREET TEMPLE PLACE TREMONT STREET

EXCEPTIONAL NECKWEAR 25¢

ALL ARE 800 VALUES

- Including Jabots, stocks with Jabots, Schus, Dutch collars, Modest rills and collar and cuff sets.
- CHAMBRAY GIMMES** 25¢ Value, 100
- VENISE LACE COLLARS** 25¢ Value, 100
- In black, white and cream. Several pretty designs and styles to select from. Sale price 25¢. (Tremont St. Main Floor.)

Annual Shepard Sale of New Waists

A DOUBLE EVENT

NEW SAMPLE WAISTS \$1.59

VALUE \$3.00

—Variety and newness in features. They are samples—every detail is perfect. Backs and fronts of the Waists, hand embroidered and lace trimmed; button front and back models; short sleeves and low neck.

LINGERIE WAISTS \$3.00

SPECIAL VALUE

—Extremely dainty, and values at \$3.00 unequalled for their attractiveness; button front models, made of sheer marquisette, lined with dainty flat lace and hand embroidered; short sleeves and low neck.

JAP SILK BLOUSES \$1.95

VALUE \$3.00

—One model in all white; hemstitched raglan shoulders and long sleeves; flat collar; front made with hemstitched vest effect, trimmed with brilliant buttons.

—Others in all white, also blue or black stripes; made with drop shoulder, yoke front and back; neck and vest finished with button plaiting.

HERE IS THE ONCE-A-YEAR SALE OF ROOM-SIZE RUGS

THE REASON: CLOSING OUT CERTAIN PATTERNS

—IT IS OUR EARNEST ADVICE to the friends of this store and to those who do not know this store to buy the rugs they need at this time. We know the quality of these rugs. Every one is taken from regular stock. Every rug offered is bright and clean, perfect in texture, beautiful in design and made in standard mills by the most approved methods known for securing wearing quality and beauty of finish.

NOW FOR ACTION.

AXMINSTERS 8x12 ft. \$19.50

Our Regular Price \$24.50

ROYAL WILTONS 8x12 ft. \$29.50

Regular Prices \$39.50 to \$42.00

—The Shepard Rug Store is building up a big business on the 3rd floor. A business where they can have confidence in. More and more customers are recognizing that the way we are developing the business is the right way.

SPECIAL NEEDLEWORK

—GOWNS, 75¢—Stamped Linen

—SCARFS, 75¢—Stamped Linen

—TOWELS, 49¢—Full size, all linen

—DRESSER, 85¢—Children's Dresser

—TABLE COVERS, 60¢—All linen

—D. M. C. 50 DOZ.—Under cover

—COVERS, \$2.45—44 inch, new

—Towels, 49¢—Full size, all linen

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ON THE WAIST STORE SALES AT \$1.59 TO \$3.25

ON THE THOROUGHFARE, 5000 WAISTS AT 59¢

NEWNESS! Every waist is a 1914 model. STYLE! Every waist is distinguished by daintiness and novelty. QUALITY! The Shepard standard—careful sewing, worthy materials, correct design. Many unique style features are presented to Boston for the first time. We may safely predict that every purchaser will secure a waist which will be long remembered with satisfaction.

ABOUT 5000 TAILORED WAISTS 59¢

NEW Tailored Shirtwaists, with high Byron collars; mostly with long sleeves. The most desirable styles in rose linen, linen, white and colored madras, plain and striped flannel. Every waist is beautifully stitched, and with pretty out pearl buttons. A sale worthy of the Shepard Store. If you have read the above carefully, you'll be here.

MARQUISSETTE BLOUSES \$2.00

VALUE \$3.00

Button back, drop shoulder model, made with tucked collar, central seam (trimmed with Spanish lace and hand embroidered; tucked at shoulder; sleeve finished with cuff.

LACE AND NET BLOUSES \$3.25

VALUE \$5.00

(the model made of fine wash blouse, yoke front and back. One ribbon in center, top silk lining, draped with fine all-over tuck; a tucked sleeve.

HAIR RIBBON \$1.10

SPECIAL

Heavy Hair Ribbon, Taffeta, 4 1/2 in. wide, in a full line of colors.

MOIRE RIBBON \$2.30

360 VALUE

Heavy Black Moire Ribbon, 4 1/2 in. wide, in a full line of colors.

VELVET RIBBON \$3.95

780 VALUE

Cherry Red Velvet Ribbon, 4 1/2 in. wide, in a full line of colors.

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VALUES ARE MOST UNUSUAL

EVEN IN A SALE OF THIS KIND.

MARQUISSETTE BLOUSES \$2.00

VALUE \$3.00

—Made with yoke front and back, finished with heading; flat collar, hand embroidered; front trimmed with flat motif; sleeve trimmed with tucked cuff.

MARQUISSETTE BLOUSES \$2.00

VALUE \$3.00

—Made of fine marquisette, with soft roll collar; drop shoulder model, finished with cluny lace, front hand embroidered in spray design.

LACE AND NET BLOUSES \$3.25

VALUE \$5.00

—Lace blouse, long and short sleeves; one model has satin sleeves; another model made with drop shoulder, draped over a net lining, with bands of wide and narrow ribbon; front, neck and cuff trimmed with double pleated trim.

EVERY WAIST DISTINCTIVE FOR QUALITY AND STYLE

QUESTION—A leather goods manufacturer said: "Will you take all my samples and all my surplus stock in one purchase?"

ANSWER—We said: "If the goods are all up to our standard, and you will make the prices so low that we can sell them AT ABOUT HALF USUAL PRICES, we will take them."

—This is the story in a nutshell WHY PRICES ARE SO LOW in this sale of LEATHER GOODS SAMPLES

FROM THE HIGHEST GRADE MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER IN AMERICA

—This is no ordinary occasion. In fact, the manufacturers requested us not to publish their name because their goods were never offered before (bearing their well-known trade-mark) at prices we shall offer in this sale. Furthermore, they are only to be found in the exclusive leather shops or finest stores of the United States and Europe.

SAMPLES ARE ALWAYS THE FINEST PRODUCT OF THE MAKERS

—ONCE EACH YEAR the manufacturers change their entire line and furnish their salesmen with a new sample of each style. So they have shipped us their complete assortment of samples—their best goods. Also

ABOUT HALF USUAL PRICES

—Dressing Cases. —Limo-line Cases. —Watch Cases. —Hand Bags. —Purses. —Bill Folds. —Change Purses. —Music Bags. —Jewel Pockets. —Leather Cases. —Desk Pads. —Military Sets. —Traveling Slipper Sets. —Photograph Frames. —Traveling Clocks.

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A RARE ECONOMY EVENT FOR YOU

SALE OF DOROTHY DODD SHOES

GOOD QUALITIES

—Every January we close out the un-sold balance of "Dorothy Dodd" Shoes. Throughout the year Boston women find them the best style, and value to be had at \$3.50 to \$5.50. Draw your own conclusions.

GOOD STYLES

DOROTHY DODD BOOTS \$2.85

WERE \$3.50 AND \$4.50

—Every pair new this season—button and lace models in patent leather, gun metal, vic kid and tan calf. Among them are two hundred pairs Patent and Doll Leather Boots with cloth tops and kidney heels. Other models have low heels and broad toes.

SHEPARD SPECIAL SHOES \$2.45

SPECIAL AT \$3.00

—Button and lace styles, made of patent and gun metal. These are the SHEPARD SPECIAL SHOES that have been popular by quality and fashion. We don't think there is a shoe on the market at \$3.00 that approaches them in appearance and service.

SHEPARD STORM BOOTS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

—Former price \$3.00; reduced to \$2.45

—Former price \$2.50; reduced to \$2.15

—Former price \$2.00; reduced to \$1.65

CHILDREN'S SHOES—NARROW WIDTHS

—Former price \$1.50 and \$1.65; now \$1.15

—Former price \$1.00 and \$1.10; now \$0.75

—Former price \$1.00 and \$1.10; now \$0.75

—Former price \$1.00 and \$1.10; now \$0.75

—Former price \$1.00 and \$1.10; now \$0.75

—Former price \$1.00 and \$1.10; now \$0.75

RIGHT PRICES IN DRESS GOODS STORE

PLAIDS

—Of course, these are made of fine, soft wools, styles and colorings that are fashion's latest developments, and don't forget this—goods of merit only, worthy of the Shepard reputation.

SPECIAL: NOVELTY PLAIDS \$1.29

—Blue and green, barred off with colors of gray, brown, blue, red and green, 43 inches wide. Take advantage Monday

PLAIDS—SPECIAL AT \$1.65

—Browns and greens, barred off with light green; blues and greens barred off with light blue. Special at \$1.65.

OTHER PLAIDS AT \$2.00

—Same quality as above, but a month ago

NEW PUN PLAIDS, \$1.50

—New Oxford gray, barred off with contrasting colors of blue, brown, red and green; 50-inch. Special at \$1.50.

BLACK INDIA TWILL, \$1.25

—Very fine and soft, with the spot very satisfactory for one-piece dresses; soft and drapes gracefully; 54 inches. Special at \$1.25.

MEN'S WEAR SUITING, \$2.50

—Extraordinarily good men's wear; black suiting; 58 inches. Special value at \$2.50.

MOHAI PREMIER, \$1.10

—Another shipment of this wonderful silky fabric; it drapes perfectly—indeed, it is its faculty for forming the most graceful folds and drapes that makes it a prime favorite with exclusive women.

—It does not run much, dampness does not lessen its luster, and it repels dirt; it's 42 inches wide, and 54 inches, a real treat in color that are newest. A value we are proud of—\$1.10 yard.

NEW CREPES \$1.25

—The most clinging of all latest new colors—new crepes. "Crepes" says every Paris fashion letter. Of course, modern, these are all wool.

—The most clinging of all latest new colors—new crepes. "Crepes" says every Paris fashion letter. Of course, modern, these are all wool.

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PICTURE

Male Help Wanted.

Male Help Wanted.

Male Help Wanted.

Male Situations Wanted.

Female Help Wanted.

Agents and Canvassers.

Agents and Canvassers.

Women's Specialties.

Mr. "Live Man." Attention

First Lecture Open to the Public
Address: P. M. A. C. 100, Mass.

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MEN WANTED

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G. T. Day & Co.

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Want hemp, Milan hemp and chupopators on Willcox, N. C. (hubs) straw machines, come ready for work, good prices and a long season.

Wentham Hat Company

WRENTHAM, MASS.

SALESMEN

Wanted—Capable Ladies

Learn Millinery and Dressmaking

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LEARN MILLINERY

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TEA DEALERS

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COMIC SECTION OF THE BOSTON AMERICAN

January 25, 1914

Their Only Child--Anything to Advise Him!

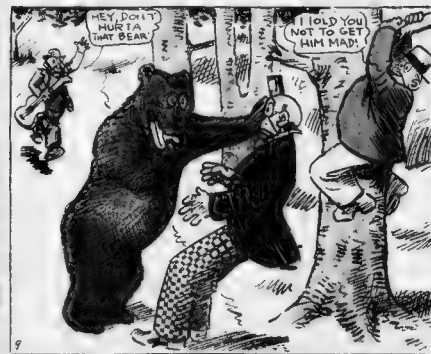




HAPPY HOOLIGAN

His Luck Takes a Turn for the Better

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POLLY!

You Know How It Is When
There Are Visitors
in the House

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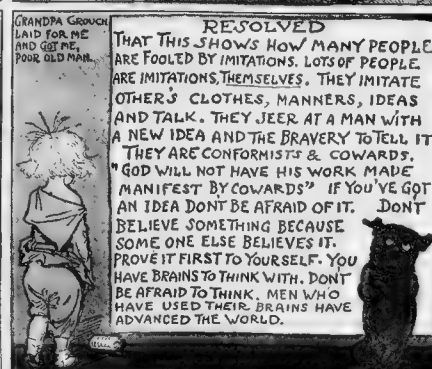
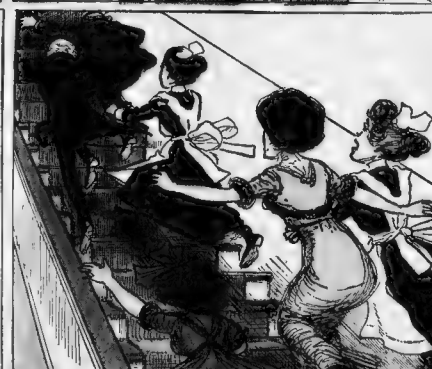
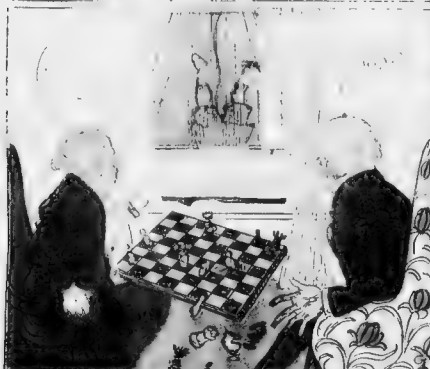
CLIFF PERRETT



My darling mother Here-3.24. His
Let me express my sincere thanks to you
for not chastising me. I am only a
little innocent child. People who beat
their children belong in the dark ages.
Love is the fulfilling of the law and now
forgiveness is the thing that works. That
rough stuff is passe. If you are kind
to me, Tige and I will be a good boy.
P.S. don't eat the soup at dinner. I put
turpentine in it.

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Isn't He the Little Scamp!



GRANDPA GROUCH
LAID FOR ME
AND GOT ME,
POOR OLD MAN.

RESOLVED
THAT THIS SHOWS HOW MANY PEOPLE
ARE FOOLED BY IMITATIONS. LOTS OF PEOPLE
ARE IMITATIONS, THEMSELVES. THEY IMITATE
OTHERS' CLOTHES, MANNERS, IDEAS
AND TALK. THEY JEER AT A MAN WITH
A NEW IDEA AND THE BRAVERY TO TELL IT.
THEY ARE CONFORMISTS & COWARDS.
"GOD WILL NOT HAVE HIS WORK MADE
MANIFEST BY COWARDS" IF YOU'VE GOT
AN IDEA DON'T BE AFRAID OF IT. DON'T
BELIEVE SOMETHING BECAUSE
SOME ONE ELSE BELIEVES IT.
PROVE IT FIRST TO YOURSELF. YOU
HAVE BRAINS TO THINK WITH. DON'T
BE AFRAID TO THINK. MEN WHO
HAVE USED THEIR BRAINS HAVE
ADVANCED THE WORLD.

Where Wicked Sodom and Gomorrah Were Destroyed

The Escape of Lot and His Daughters from Sodom.
(Lot's Wife, the Solitary Figure, the Bible Says, Was Turned to Salt for Looking Back.)

Never Near the Dead Sea, but Destroyed by an Eruption of the Real Holy Mt. Sinai, an Active Volcano?

THE wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed by Jehovah, as told in the nineteenth chapter of Genesis, were not built upon the sites in Palestine which tradition has long ascribed to them. They were, in fact, never near the Dead Sea at all, according to remarkable researches recently made by Prof. Dr. E. Oberhummer, president of the Royal Geographical Society of Vienna.

Prof. Oberhummer also asserts that the traditional Mt. Sinai is not the true Mt. Sinai where Moses received the tablets of the law from Jehovah. The true Mt. Sinai was an active volcano and most probably the one that destroyed sinful Sodom and Gomorrah. The volcano was miles away from the present Sinai peninsula, and was on the other side of the Gulf of Akaba, in northwestern Arabia.

Prof. Oberhummer contends that Sodom and Gomorrah were actual cities, but that their true location, as well as that of Mt. Sinai, was transferred to the Sinai peninsula by later Biblical historians.

The popular tradition is that the Dead Sea and its surrounding country are so barren and lifeless because of the punishment meted out to Sodom and Gomorrah. If his conclusions are verified one must look for some other explanation for the horrid aspect of the Dead Sea surroundings.

The fate of Sodom and Gomorrah has interested the world for centuries, and has probably been used to point more moral than any other catastrophe. They were the sinful cities of the Canaanites. In Genesis we read that "the men of



A Part of the Desolate Shore of the Dead Sea, Long Supposed to Have Been the Site of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The Destruction of Sodom

"And the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah fire and brimstone."—Genesis, 19:24, 25

From the Painting by J. Herold.

and Heruelanum would have been quite at home in Sodom and Gomorrah.

If the two wicked cities were "on the plain" below Mt. Sinai, their exact locale is dependent upon the exact locale of Mt. Sinai.

But, points out Professor Oberhummer, there are no volcanoes on the Sinai peninsula, and none near the Dead Sea.

Prof. Oberhummer's conclusions are based on a brief preliminary study of the subject. "Thus we left the Sinai at Hail and arrived at the plain of al-Jah, where we made unexpectedly what is in my opinion, the most important Biblical discovery during this exploring tour, namely, that of the genuine Biblical Mt. Sinai. All our troubles were forgotten, and we should have liked much to investigate more thoroughly 'the grotesque of the Servants of Moses,' but our guide would under no condition allow us to set foot upon the sacred volcano al-Hud, and threatened to abandon us at once if we did not continue our way eastward."

"According to the map appended to the preliminary report, the volcano Hail-al-Hud is situated in latitude 27 degrees 23 minutes north, longitude 37 degrees 7 minutes east."

The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, it appears, were on this plain of al-Jah—whose name Hail still reflects the wrath of Jahveh or Jehovah.

Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." Abraham, it will be remembered, bargained with Jehovah until finally he was told that if he could find ten righteous men among all their citizens the Lord would withhold His hand from them. Only one righteous man—Lot—could be found, and he was allowed to escape, with his daughters and his wife. Lot's wife, however, looked back on the burning city and was instantly turned to a pillar of salt.

"Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven: And He overthrew those cities and all the plain, and all

the inhabitants of the cities and that which grew upon the ground."

Prof. Oberhummer asserts that this is clearly the account of a volcanic eruption. Sodom and Gomorrah, "the cities of the plain," were an earlier Pompeii and Heruelanum. They probably occupied much the same relative position to the true Mt. Sinai, a volcano, as the two Roman cities did to Mt. Vesuvius. It is a well-known fact that grapes grow better on the crests of volcanoes than elsewhere, and there seems to be something about the proximity of volcanoes that makes people frivolous and pleasure-loving. The people of Pompeii

troubles were forgotten, and we should have liked much to investigate more thoroughly "the grotesque of the Servants of Moses," but our guide would under no condition allow us to set foot upon the sacred volcano al-Hud, and threatened to abandon us at once if we did not continue our way eastward."

"According to the map appended to the preliminary report, the volcano Hail-al-Hud is situated in latitude 27 degrees 23 minutes north, longitude 37 degrees 7 minutes east."

The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, it appears, were on this plain of al-Jah—whose name Hail still reflects the wrath of Jahveh or Jehovah.

result to the visitors to the tower. Before visitors are allowed to go to the observation ball, they are relieved of canes, umbrellas and hats. "I think that's a little bit silly," he says, "because any article dropped from this height to the sidewalk of Broadway would have the striking power of a cannon ball. Not long ago an enthusiastic tourist managed to get by the police with a bottle of champagne. As she was extending her arms over the railing, I focused her camera for a bird's-eye view photograph, she grew dizzy. One of the attendants observed her just in time, and, seizing her, drew her back. She lost her balance and in an instant dropped her champagne bottle into the air."

Mrs. Gouraud's \$5,000 Offer.

The creative wits of Paris are busy on the job—but in a despairing sort of way, since a staid American visitor sent in a curt note with an idea that literally threw them back on their hunches. Wrote this contestant:

The novelty of this suggestion was nothing short of paralyzing. However, probably it will not win, as Mrs. Gouraud, in entertainments given at her New York residence, has illustrated the stumpy life in its last analysis by presenting the cannibal dancer, Dugmeena, whose costume consisted of coconut oil and a red sash. Anthony Comstock—who was not invited—is said to have been much annoyed.

Mrs. Gouraud's own latest effort to make her set "take notice" was a fancy dress ball set in a Persian palace within her Paris house. It could not have been altogether a failure, for Gaby Deslys, who was a guest, pronounced the effect "fascinating." And Gaby, also, has seen a few things.

But the idea that will
cut your hands on that

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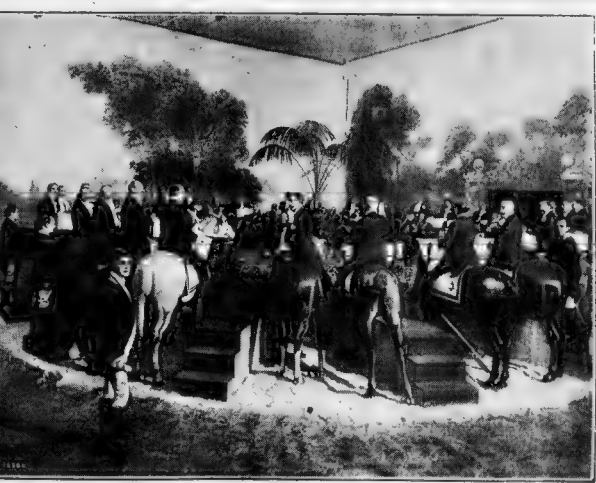
In order to obtain some very striking and novel ideas for social entertainments, I will give a prize of \$5,000 to any one who will supply me with such ideas. All details should be fairly described, and, when possible, should be accompanied by sketches. All communications should be addressed to your office. I reserve the right to make my choice without appeal. Payment will follow my choice of suggestions. Detailed suggestions containing elements of refinement and art should be sent. Manuscripts will not be returned.

AMIEE CROCKER GOLDEN

Later, her father, who gave a Japanese Night, with his own features as a soloist, in the Japanese theatre, and the stream from his own festive life was illustrated in light by her house for twenty-four hours of a famous tea house in Tokyo, girls and all.

Neither has Mrs. Howard neglected the possibilities of Tokyo. She has the costumes and even modern customs of the ancient East. She has the "girls" as she has given them, and the "girls" as she has given them.

And, as a matter of fact, she has her inspiration for the main features of a studio, in the "girls" as she has given them. The "girls" as she has given them, the "girls" as she has given them, the "girls" as she has given them.

[illegible]

No Use Suggesting Anything Like This—A Horse-back Dinner in a Hotel Ballroom. Mr. Billings's Guests Rode Right into Sherry's Ballroom on Horseback and Ate from Little Tables Slung to the Saddles.

The Dogmeena cannibal simple life dance just mentioned was merely one feature of her "Dance of All Nations," which startled New York a few years ago. Nance Gwynn represented ancient Judea in the very frank "Salome" dance. Mrs. Goursaud herself danced the Argentine tango with a handsome young Russian professional dancer, Genia Agarov. In other respects, also, the affair threw all

Upon another occasion, with Melville Ellis as a partner, she carried off the honors as hostess in what was called a "striped zebra dance"—a weird affair, both in costuming and the character of

Some of Mrs. Gauraud's most distinguished achievements in this line have been her efforts to improve the lot of the slaves where she maintains a magnificently appointed residence. Last June she entertained at her home a party of the most distinguished guests, including Gabriel d'Annunzio, Gay Deslys, M. de Max, the actor, and Prince Troubetzkoy, who, in fancy dress, all took part in an Oriental setting that is still talked about.

For the first time when she was the bride of Porter Ashe, and her home was in Los Angeles, Mrs. Gouraud gathered the ideas she later used at her New York and Paris soirées. She was a native of the French-Spanish and Mexican dances of Southern California. She and her husband made horseback journeys to and from the ranches where such dances were given. She made a number of long and arduous lengthy tours of the Pacific Islands, bringing home a quantity of material representing the festive life of those regions. She has been to Honolulu, and has lived elsewhere in the Hawaiian Islands, living like a native—lightly clothed, flower-garlanded. From these she imported the native kapa dance, which has figured in her entertainments.

[illegible][illegible]

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused in medical circles in Germany by a man who can swallow small animals and culture them alive.

The doctors supposed that performances of this character, which are frequently given at country fairs, were tricks by which the fish, in order to attract the crowd, collected in one way or another in this manner. The first explanation was that the biggest standing groups of fish, which the animals were undoubtedly taken into the net, were the fish that were most easily taken. These observations in Professor von Güter-Schilling, and he records them at length in his book "Die Fischzucht in der Deutschen Wochenzeitung," of Munich.

The "cat-elephant" man was giving exhibitions in Munich recently. He was seen to catch a cat by the tail and to throw it forth alive. This he did thirty times in succession. The cat was taken by the grant; then swallowed in succession some twenty frogs and goldfish, and was then thrown forth again, unharmed and moved about. By a silent effort he was able to swallow a small dog, and, separately, he afterward expelled the

The Strange Mystery of Jessie McCann; the Murder of General Sigel's Daughter, and Other Mishaps Among Women Missionaries, Discussed by Prof. Rice, the Psychologist.

Why should men, and especially women, with a high sense of duty and firmly fixed moral standards be drawn down to the level of degradation of those they seek to help? An interesting analysis of this phenomenon is presented by Prof. Rice, the psychologist.



Miss Jessie McCann
Whose Death Is Shrouded in Mystery

A Photograph of an Opium Den in New York's Chinatown. Where Social Workers Try to Redeem Unfortunates.

If, on the other hand the real soul mate fails to



Marriage of a White Woman Slum Missionary
to a Chinaman.

[illegible]

Dr. Fleury is convinced that "grave intoxication" in the morphine mania be cured by sedation, humanely graduated, by careful treatment, and by the serum his colleague, Dr. Jules Chéron

Why I Shot William E. Annis

By Capt. Peter C. Hains, Jr., U.S.A.

Who Shot to Death William E. Annis on the Boat Landing of the Bayside Yacht Club, New York, August 15, 1908.

Annis had invaded Captain Hains's home, had taken advantage of the Captain's absence on army duty and, aided by the cunning deviousness of Mrs. Hains, had almost succeeded in persuading the injured husband that his suspicions were groundless. How the full truth was unexpectedly wrung from the lips of Claudia Hains, his wife; how his heart froze with despair, and then, with the rebound of fury, how he set forth to avenge the wrong—how he found Annis and executed him—all this Captain

Hains relates for the first time. And the trial, conviction, the long weeks in the death cells in Sing Sing and the final pardon by the Governor is told. In justice to himself and for the sake of his children Captain Hains now feels it his duty to take the public into his confidence, to lead them behind the scenes in his domestic life, to show them the forces which worked the ruin of his home—and to let the public judge whether the death of Annis at his hands was justified.

leaders of her set. She carried herself proudly, and I was pleased and proud of her, my beautiful young partner. I did everything to make her happy and encourage her conquest of society. She entered into the spirit of the life with ardor, and her happiness was apparently supreme, for she was certainly a success.

Fool that I was, I did not realize that this very success might be one of the worst things that could happen to her. I did not realize that social success is often bought at the price of changed domestic feelings. The quiet home life might pall, the love for children wane and domestic life bore her.

I understood men, not women. I could feel with a man, know his aspirations, his weaknesses and his strength. Does any man really know a woman? Does any man really know what a woman feels, except by negative evidence? I know well now that this first taste of the gay life boded no good for me.

I was compelled to devote much time to study. I could not attend all the social functions. I must stay at home and work, for my standing as an officer required it.

By Captain Peter C. Hains, Jr.

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I HAVE been asked to write my version of the circumstances which led to the killing of William E. Annis. I am going to do so. It is the first time I have publicly spoken since I shot him to death that bright, beautiful afternoon in August at the Bayside Yacht Club five years ago.

For five years I have kept silent.

Much has been published of it, but it has been untrue, and some talk that it is true—yes, very little that is true.

I am an old man now, not old in years, but in appearance, for I have but lived over forty. I am a victim of time that counts, old in the days of our life, in the things that make men see the futility of a much of that for which they strive.

Were I alone concerned in that tragedy which has, at a young age, compelled me to begin my life anew, to begin all over again, to out the thoughts and buoyancy of youth, that with which we all begin, I would not take this trouble. I am with age come to a point where hope, the strong desire, the ambition—they are all gone, and their place lies the ashes of youth, the bitter dream.

And now remains but duty. Duty, that thing all soldiers are trained to, and this duty is to the others who became involved. It is right and fair to them that all should know the truth. It is right that they should hear at last from the lips of the man who slew him how and why Annis died. And it is only because time has in a measure dulled the three fires of authority, and a more dispassionate view of the circumstances may be taken, that it would seem proper to tell my tale.

Perhaps I have remained silent too long already. I am suffering the ache of bitter memory, and yet all is not I think. Everything leading to that affair is not tainted with bitterness and despair which led to the savage ending. Some are sweet memories, and some are not.

The music of the last dance of the evening was done away in the music of stiller notes at the club house in Winthrop, a nearby suburb of Boston, when I first met Claudia Hains—Claudia, the woman whom Fate had picked out to be my wife and my ruin.

"Who is that beautiful girl dancing in the second set on our left?" I asked my partner. "Who is she? Where does she live? Does she come often to the dances?" I questioned.

"Is it possible that you have never met her? You do not know? She lives five minutes away from here, just east, and comes to all the dances."

"So?" said I, "and will she be here for the next?"

"Why, of course. If it was possible, I would see you—but wait. You will see her next time."

That night I dreamed of the beautiful Claudia—for other nights, and by day as well.

At the next dance I would meet and obtain an introduction. She must have been blind indeed not to have read the admiration in my gaze. We danced the first dance, and then, about midnight, she could dance. She was a little thing, but I never seen. I could dance a little in the evening.

I called at her home. We walked through the garden. She was interested in fencing; I gave her lessons in the garden. I was a fair performer with the small sword and could lead a waltz as well as the average man.

One day I told her of my love and she said: "I am married. She accepted me for her husband. I was a private soldier that made me love her even more. She was poor, very poor, but what cared I? Was I not a lieutenant of artillery in the United States Army, and did I not have my sword with which to cut out my own career?"

I stood well in my profession as an army officer, and I was exercising a commendable bearing responsibility far beyond what my rank entitled me. Besides I was young. Youth does not understand the meaning of failure.

We sought and obtained the consent of her parents to marry, and were united on the evening of April the fourth, when we were twenty-fourteen years ago. It was a quiet and simple little

wedding at her home. I was popular with the men under my command, for although I was a strict disciplinarian, it was ever my endeavor to be just and fair to the enlisted men. The soldier in Uncle Sam's Army is no fool. He understands his officers often better than they think, and will frequently show his approval or disapproval in unexpected and startling ways.

The carriage was waiting to take us, the happy bride and bridegroom, to Boston, where we would remain until the next morning.

Then we would take the train to Baltimore and to my own relatives. They would meet my beautiful bride. We stepped inside and closed the door of the carriage. The horses started up, when boom! boom! rang out the saluting gun at the fort. No one under a brigadier-general is entitled to a salute, and no salutes are fired after retreat (sunset), but my rascals were taking matters into their own hands for once, secure in the knowledge that I could and would do nothing, having been temporarily relieved from command in order to get a short leave for my honeymoon. My men were burning such powder as they could get in wishing me god-speed through life. Yes, they were wishing us all things that were good, but I remember it, and the memory seems to burn like a red hot iron.

Our brief honeymoon was spent with my own relatives. We were welcomed with that hospitality which to a true Southerner it seems impossible to imitate north of Mason and Dixon's line. My brief career of absence over, it was back to the army post and military duty.

Claudia's First Taste of Gayety.

My time was well filled. I was in charge of constructing many new buildings and to transform what had been but a year previously little more than a military camp into a modern army post. My life was a busy one. We lived quietly and happily together, each day filled with its own particular duties. A year later our first-born came to bless our union.

Ah, those first days of infinite happiness! Those days, when the world was bright! It is even now the same sun, the same daylight, but how different it seems in all its dulceness and drab serenity. Those were the days of "Honor and faith and a sure intent."

They are memories; just bitter memories. There is nothing left but the cold ashes, the dregs of a passion that so completely engrossed me. I was ordered to the artillery school at Fort Monroe in Virginia, where I was to remain for a year as a student officer, before graduating and receiving my diploma.

Now everything was changed. No more of that sweet happiness of the pure domestic life, the quiet happiness of the friends. We were to go where gayety ruled. But Fort Monroe is the largest artillery post in the United States. Several hundred officers are kept stationed there. Everything is conducted with military pomp and circumstance, and there is a large body of troops. Besides, there were the two great hotels, the Chert and the old Olympia—the latter since removed for military purposes—and they were both open all the year—Summer and Winter. They were filled with guests from all over the United States.

It was a new life for Claudia. She, the little Massachusetts country girl, would see the world of society, and as the wife of an army officer would take the place that her beauty and presence entitled her to fill.

I wished to see her enjoy herself, this new experience, and was proud to see that she was capable of commanding a position among the ladies of that post. I saw her enter the gayety, the social life with pleasure. I saw her beauty attract attention. Her manner was always quiet, but she was always among the

My Wife Meets the Woman Hunter.

With the glamour of the bands, the seductive dances played by the orchestras, the cotillions and general receptions, it began to dawn upon me in a dim sort of way that Claudia was beginning to find staying at home with her baby irksome. The gayety outside called to her, and she felt the call. I did not wish her to be deprived of any legitimate pleasures. Who but the most selfish husband would wish such a thing of the woman he loves? I took her out as much as my duties would allow, often returning from a ball late at night or early morning to take out my books and prepare my work for the following day.

On the whole, I was not altogether sorry when the year was past and my course in studies finished. With my fellow classmates I wanted to hear my fate. To know whether the work I had done was satisfactory, and that I had been weighed in the balance. The time was quickly over. The sheep were separated from the goats. Some with gladdened hearts left to know their success. Some went with the disappointment brought by the knowledge that their work had counted for naught. They would be called upon to go over the course again and make a better effort. I was one of the lucky. I had passed.

With my diploma safely stowed in my pocket I was to go to Jackson Barracks, New Orleans, La. To that Southern city of romance and story, with its quaint customs, its Mardi Gras, its old French Quarter and its Creole Market, where French is the language spoken, the language of barter and exchange, where, every Sunday morning after early mass, the orthodox Creoles meet his neighbor and gossip over everyday affairs while laying in the supplies for the coming week. We were both delighted. Claudia, even, was pleased beyond measure at the quiet dignity of the town and the inhabitants she came in contact with. We were as happy as could be, and the whirl of the social life of Fort Monroe was not apparently missed. We settled down to the new life, and I took up my new duties with all the ardor a young soldier could.

New Orleans has, however, one serious drawback. It is sufficiently hot in the summer months. It is hot with the dead, moist and sultry heat of a semitropical sun beating down upon miles of surrounding marsh lands. Children quickly sicken in this climate when not accustomed to it, and they fret and become peevish through these Summer months. I would not do to subject Claudia and her baby to such a risk. I was too thoughtful, too careful. I insisted that she fulfill her desire to go away to her own relatives in the North during the hot weather. She and the baby could live with her parents at Winthrop, on the Massachusetts coast, where she could have all the care and comfort her mother could give. I was not poor. I had good pay and something besides. She should not run any risk at all. I would remain at New Orleans and prepare the house for her coming in the Fall.

This was the beginning of the Summer separations which Claudia met Annis. They covered a period of several years. It was during these separations that the foundation of our ruin was laid, the ruin that wrecked us and brought the whole fabric of our domestic life with a crash to death and disaster.

During these absences Annis, with the consummate skill of a woman-hunter, laid his coils, secure in the knowledge that the husband, a thousand miles away, could learn nothing except what he was told. He knew that Claudia's mother was



Captain Peter C. Hains, Jr.



William E. Annis.



Mrs. Claudia Hains.

From a Photograph Taken Just Before Captain Hains Went to the Philippines
"I saw her so. And never again would I see her the shadow of tragedy fell between us."

A black and white photograph of a woman in a long, dark, patterned dress. The dress features a lace collar and a large floral corsage on the left side. She is looking over her shoulder at the camera. The image is oriented vertically on the page.

Jackson Barracks, New Orleans, is a little oasis set in the surrounding mud and marsh. Just outside of the city limits a line of trolley cars gave easy access to the city. Within the fort was a grassy compound as level as a floor, and flanking this, but half hidden by huge Spanish bayonets, banana trees and some bushes, were the great pillared Spanish houses.

What I Thought of Annis. My Picture Betrayer

Another White of roses and violets and another Northern Summer. During this Summer our second child was born. I heard nothing of Annie, and, having never met him, I had almost forgotten there was such a person. On going North to bring Claudia home again I found he had been in Windsor for some time. One evening a message came from a girl friend of Claudia's, and it said that Mr. Ansls was in town and would call upon Captain and Mrs. Hains. That night I met William E. Ansls—the scoundrel whom Fate had picked out for me to

Had I known then what I had subsequently occasion to find out, I would not have felt the foolish assurance I then felt. I had yet to learn of the insinuating advances during my absence, the attentions always going a little farther, just a little farther, until reckless things were done, things which caused comment. I had not heard of them and trusted to my wife's honor.

At the trial of my brother Thornton for the killing of Annis the most absurd proceedings ever attempted in law, he testified that he knew at this time of the relations between Annis and Claudia. He also testified that he never spoke to me about them. He never did. Why should he?

them. He never did. Why should he?

Thornton and I were almost strangers at that time. He was much older than I and had hardly seen me to speak of for year. His life was that of a seaman's, and he was making a living running small vessels South and selling them. Our lives were far apart. It is hardly likely that a man of his stern character would go running about telling tales of a wife unless there was some necessity for so doing.

Aunia was a Mason. So was I. Those familiar with the obligations of Masonry will appreciate the added sense of security I felt in his friendship with Claudia.

The day after meeting Annis I met him again in Boston. We lunched together, wandered about a bit seeing the town, then said good-by and parted—and Mr. Annis faded from my life.

and mind, as I supposed, forever. Soon after this I was transferred to staff duty in the Quartermaster's Department of the Army. I was detailed to duty in Washington as assistant to the Quartermaster-General in person. Such duty, such a station would be coveted by any officer of my rank. I was the youngest officer in both years and service to fill such a position.

Surely things were fortunate for me. I was going ahead rapidly. We took a house in Washington, but Claudia dreamed for some reason dissatisfied. I bought her an automobile. This improved matters slightly. It was all right when it ran, but too often it refused to go. I sold it and bought another. I was too busy to run the machine myself, as I had to work from early morning until dark.

The second machine was worse than the first, and Claudia seemed to take it as a personal insult to herself that I did not neglect my work at the War Department and come and run the machine. I did the best I could, but life was not as bright as before, and I did not understand it.



In the Summer the baby grew sick. Claudia insisted that she must go again to Winthrop. I allowed her to go. Then I sold the car.

In the late Summer I took a short leave to go to Winthrop to bring back Claudia and the two children. Also I was offered, and accepted, a transfer of station to Fort Monroe as Quartermaster of that garrison post. While I was in Winthrop Mr. Anna

At Fort Monroe Claudia took up the gay life she loved so well, but we were not to stay. Hardly had we gotten settled in our quarters than an order came transferring me to New York to duty in the Army Building in that city. This order, though hard was a necessary one, and I, of course, must obey.

We could not keep the children very well in an apartment in New York City. Claudia found a good excuse to go back to Wladyslaw with the young ones. She finally left them there with her mother and came to me in New York. We tried boarding for a time, then took a small apartment.

It was during this period I first really made the acquaintance of Annis.

“Claudia and I were strangers in the city. We knew few people. I was again doing office duty from 9 a. m. until 5 p. m., and Claudia was of necessity left alone all day to do as she pleased. One day she said:
“‘Father, I called up to-day on the ‘phone to find out if Mr. Annis was in town and find that he is here. I told him we were here,

and he is coming to call with his wife."

Mr. and Mrs. Annis called. "We returned the visit. Mr. Annis took us down to his office and showed us his collection of arms. The walls of one room were covered with every description of rifle and revolver, automatic and cylinder weapons. Annis had a fond for firearms. He was a dead shot, a perfect shot. He showed me the pistol he carried at the time—a fine new model revolver. He often referred to his weapons on occasion when talking to me, and told me of the amazing targets he had made.

The Man I Killed Went Always Armed.

mention this because it has been so often stated that I killed an American and killed him. I was not in a condition of mind to either know or care. The question of whether he was armed or not did not concern me then. I would have killed him had he twenty guns upon him just the same. But I know that William Annis always carried a gun. He either had a gun in the trunk of his car or he carried it in his hand. He had some friends, finding it, made away with it. It is incredible to me that a man who made a practice of carrying a pistol and who boasted of being a dead shot should be without one after what he had done to me, and knowing, as he surely did, that I would shoot at him. I was in the same city, might meet at any moment. Such a condition of mind in a man like Annis is not conceivable.

I know from the sworn testimony of one man at least who testified before my brother's trial that Annis had not only always carried a "gun," but had showed it to this man, and said he was keeping it for Peter Hains. This man shot himself shortly after making this affidavit. His testimony was never used. I never met him; I did not know him.

Annals and I became great friends. With our wives we went together to the theatres and dined at each other's apartments. We went automobiling together. One day he asked me to go to pistol practice with him. He had a new model German automatic pistol. I was unfamiliar with this foreign arm, and we went motorcycling instead of shooting.

In all our friendship I was apparently the company he sought. Never was Claudia mentioned as the one he was really interested in. To me, Annis never spoke of women, never of conquests. He was apparently interested in outdoor sports, and was not a woman hunter by either conversation or deportment.

It grew lonely without the children. I looked to have them back with us again. The eternal round of restaurants, the glaze, even the plays, began to bore me. All the pleasures dear to the average Gohamite soon palled upon me. I began to hate the

ternal uproar of the city, the never-ending rush of the crowd. We took a cottage in Bensonhurst and brought the children to live with us again. I was very glad, and we had our first taste

I left for my office in the Army Building at 8 in the morning and did not return until after 6 or later. Claudia kept home with the children. She seemed very dissatisfied at leaving New York. I brought her the horse and trap I had for her at Fort Monroe, and she ran about in it. I now know that she was meeting

I was appointed Constructing Quartermaster at Fort Hamilton and had charge of rebuilding that post. Here was the old good luck returning, I thought. It was a delightful station. At last we would be settled once more. I eagerly accepted the position. Claudia sold the horse and wagon and bought a diamond ring.

Fort Hamilton, just outside of New York on the Brooklyn shore, was near the sea. I loved the sea. My grandfather was an admiral of the old rebel, and I perhaps inherited my strong liking for the element upon which he had lived. At the Narrows was the broad bay, and I decided to build a boat.

About this timmy Father Thornton came to New York from the South. Thornton was a sailor. He had been much at sea, for in the early days appointments in the Army and Navy were not so easy to get, and while he was perhaps the brightest one in his studies at that time, the first appointment at large had to go to the eldest son, our brother.

In America it is generally understood gentlemen do not go to sea. Therefore Thornton, who had gone into this vocation by

[illegible]

He had waded through a thicket of briars and once he managed to get a little farther, he stopped at the Park Hotel. He was at that time in the middle of the night, and his little daughter, Mollie, was crying and calling for him. He had not been a quarter of an hour in the hotel before a housekeeper came to his room and told him that his wife was in the place. Climbing up to the second floor, he found his wife sitting up in bed and looking at him with a sad expression. She repeated my going off at the same time as the others, and became fewer and finally stopped.

This time I purchased a good car, and we spent much time in Florida together with the kids. . . . Our boat rode jolly at her anchor. Claudia seemed now to be happy.⁹

During all this time I never heard of Annie. Sometimes I wonder if she ever came down to see

us. One day Claudia and I were on Broadway. I asked him why he had not come to see us. He seemed ill at the time, but I noticed it, but thought it was a trivial excuse. I dismissed him with the thought that he had found other and more congenial company, or perhaps people more accessible.

"Claudia," said I one day: "we have been here nearly a whole year and have not been ordered away yet. It seems good after so many moves."

"Peter," she answered, "if we get lost September we may be safe. Do you know that all of our men come in September? I am superstitious about it. I dread it with a death."

I was ordered to command a frigate port of call at San Francisco and the Philippines. The day after I received the date I would have just time to turn over my property to an officer detailed temporarily to take my place.

stances, impossible for me to continue to work for my family. There was no other way for me to get out of this station. I must act. To me it was a matter of life or death for my family or the service. It was a fight for my life. My work had been well done. I felt that my contribution from my superiors. Besides, I was a soldier and I work. A man always does. Such a situation was brutal. I decided that my first duty was to my family and I announced

My intention to resign was not to leave the service, but to remain in the service in another position. I was not aware of the fact that my resignation would be considered as a resignation from the service. I was not aware of the fact that my resignation would be considered as a resignation from the service. I was not aware of the fact that my resignation would be considered as a resignation from the service.

In the transport, I was still so I did not adhere to my original plan and reason, I would not leave my home and go half way across the earth. I was then properly settled before I was told who threw her weight into the balance.

"Yes, Peter, so," she said, "it will be most, I can take care of myself and be all right and so will I. We will kindly have left us, Go if don't want."

I don't want you to leave it
And I don't want you to go
And I don't want you to go
And I don't want you to go
And I don't want you to go

I took her I was a little bit of a
to me. For the first time in my life
dia. Never a day in my life
met the back of my head. I was a little bit of a
He will be a little bit of a
The town of the first time in my life

[illegible]

own heart). I lock my jaw and resist the temptation to
never do. I look my jaw and resist the temptation to
last car. There is a flutter of black velvet. I wave this.
return and Claudia as my wife passes out of my life forever.

Continued Next Sunday

Hains
Leaving Annis, the "Woman Hunter," a Clear Field
ing, for before we met the black
—Capt. Peter C. Hains, Jr.

Washing Your Blood OUTSIDE YOUR BODY.



Diagram Showing How One Dog That Had Been "Bled White" Was Restored by the Blood of Another Dog Being Forced Through Its Jugular Vein. One of the Preliminary Experiments That Resulted in the Discovery of the New Blood Washing Method.

By Dr. Leonard K. Hirshberg, M. A.
(Johns Hopkins University)

THE most remarkable discovery of modern medicine is the discovery of a method of washing the blood of the body, washed clean and the patient is able to lead a normal life.

We have not been of course, the first to wash the blood. The first washing of the blood was done by the ancients who used to wash the blood of a patient in a tub of water.

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Let me make this process clear. Suppose you take a glass of half full of water and add a few drops of ink to it. The ink will sink to the bottom and the water will become clear.

Now, if you stirred this liquid around for an hour or so, you would find the ink floating in the water. This is the principle of the blood washing process.

Now, the parts of the blood that are not washed out are the parts that are not washed out.

The Newest Miracle of Medical Science That Forces Your Heart to Pump the Life Stream Into Fifty Feet of Cleansing Tubes and Then Pump It Back Into the Veins with All Its Poisons Strained Out

of the two poisons. The method of washing the blood is a new method of washing the blood.

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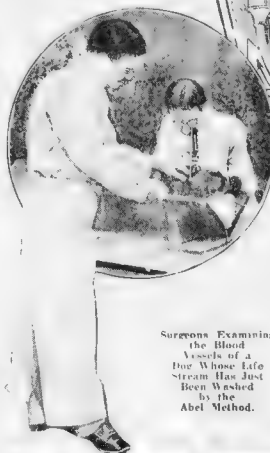
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Surgeons Examining the Blood Vessels of a Dog Whose Life Stream Has Just Been Washed by the Abel Method.

Diagram of Dr. Abel's Blood Washing Apparatus Illustrating Its Method of Operation.

The Fifty Feet of Mica Tubing, shown in the Dark Pipes, Are Contained in a Glass Cylinder Filled with Salt Water of the Same Temperature and Density as the Blood. The Mica Tubes Are Filled with a Solution of Potassium Permanganate and the Rubber Tube (A) Is Connected with the Suction End of the Jugular Vein. The Heart Pumps the Blood Through the Rubber Tube (A) Into the Mica Pipes, Through Them and Out by the Suction End of the Jugular Vein. The Life Stream is Taken Into the Jugular Vein and So Into the Body Again, During the Progress Through the Mica Tubes, Where Walls Resemble Those of the Arteries in Their Porosity, the Saline Solution in the Glass Cylinder Bathes It, Removing by Osmotic Pressure the Poisons Within It That Produce Disease.

An Invention That Doubles a Bicycle's Speed

THE bicycle is a machine that promises to revolutionize the world of transport.

With a specially constructed wind sail that removes a large part of the load of the rider, the wind sail is a new invention.

Using this machine, the French cyclist, who is a world champion, has won the world championship.

Greatly Modified Section of a Blood Vessel Showing How the Poisons in the Blood "Leak" Out.

Enlarged Section of Mica Tubes Showing How the Poisons in the Blood Are Washed Out by the Solution in the Glass Cylinder.



How the Bicycle Rider Sits Inside the Torpedo, The Side Flap Shuts Tight, Enclosing Him in the Egg-Shaped Body.

The construction of the torpedo is such that it is a perfect sphere.

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WHAT KIND OF FAT WOMAN ARE YOU?

How Each of Your Three Different Kinds of Fat Has a Separate Cause and Cure



"A valuable abdominal exercise consists in lying on the back, and, raising the legs at a right angle with the body, swinging them together in a circle. This makes the abdominal muscles firmer and hardens the muscles of the hips as well as stimulates the liver."

There are three forms of obesity, each due to a different cause, and each requiring a different treatment. The most common form is caused by overeating and indigestion. The second form is caused by a sluggish circulation, and the third form is caused by a weak constitution. The first form is the most common, and the second form is the most dangerous. The third form is the most difficult to cure.

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"A difficult but very helpful exercise for the obese person, requires the aid of a second person. Lying half way on the bed or chair, clasp your hands behind your head and slowly lower the upper half of the body, until the head touches the floor. This strengthens abdominal muscles and clears the lungs."

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"Crouch on the hands, resting the weight on the palms and one foot. This stirs into action usually inactive muscles."

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her attacks were frequent the patient began to lose flesh rapidly, becoming not only herself, but all her inebriated friends who though untroubled by asthma limited their refreshment to crackers and sour lemons every other day. They, too, lost many pounds and what is much more to the purpose several lives in consequence.

A young woman who spent an Autumn vacation in the country, came back to town looking, her friends said, "famously like Quin." "I practically lived out of doors," she said, "kept moving all the time. It was too good to tell. At night I slept on the sleeping porch, with a crocheted wicker chair tilted tightly about my head to prevent neuralgia. Every deep breath of oxygen I knew made me some degree thinner."

But what I most depended upon was diet. You cannot get fat by exercise alone nor by diet alone, but by diet and exercise, and what do you suppose I lived on while I was so thin? Zucchini and hot tomatoes!"

Boxing, like rapid walking, is a valuable aid to flesh reduction. It causes persons to breathe more deeply and while they are so busy they take more air into their lungs. Whoever takes a greater supply of air into the body for a considerable time is sure to lose weight. Instructors rarely find a

woman who is willing to be a box. These fingers in her a quiet, the boxers, and the wave of feminism, a protest against the sport on the ground that it is "unladylike." The prejudice remains, though the word is out. Also despite the fact that many are terrifying England, the women remain who are afraid of physical violence. A woman who old timidity remains in the fear to be hurt. It is cruelly asserted that it is a strain upon their nerves. Boxing remains a more or less neglected exercise so far as women are concerned, and in this it makes a great mistake. For not only does it help to burn superfluous fat, but it teaches a woman the art of self defense, which is remarkably useful in an emergency, as for instance, when a woman is threatened with a man.

Whatever causes you to breathe deeply, it is well worth while to repeat, will sooner or later, if continued, diminish your weight. But bear in mind that there is more than one way to do it. There is danger in methods of deep breathing. Like that of a dog panting and exhausted after running. There are many methods of deep breathing. The first is useful in clearing the lungs of the stale air that is in them. It is better, of course, to breathe clean, fresh air when into the lungs starting a bonfire, so to speak, in the body.

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What Will Happen Next Month, as Foretold by the Stars

For Grey Hair I Will Tell You Free How to Restore to Your Hair the Natural Color of Youth.



The invention that restores the natural color of grey hair is a new discovery. It is a simple and easy method, and it is free of charge. It is a new discovery, and it is a simple and easy method, and it is free of charge.

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A School to Turn Little Girls into "Super-Women"

The Interesting Newest Educational Experiment That Is Designed to Turn Out Perfect College Girls of Seventeen After Seven Years' Schooling in the Open Air



At the Blackboard in the Open-Air Schoolhouse. Note the Back of the Odd Hood.

FIFTEEN little girls, each ten years old, are now being turned into "super-women" at Bryn Mawr College, just outside of Philadelphia, Pa. Each of the little girls is so normal an American child it was possible to find. The strenuous life will live for seven years in an open air as many hours out of the day's twenty-four as possible. At 11 now they are dressed like little schoolgirls. Their summer costume has not been picked out yet, but it will be as airy as the winter costumes are warm. Their school house has a big pavilion on the college lawn, and is made up almost entirely of windows. These windows are closed only in bad weather, and then only in the winter side.

At the same time the girls have been trained at Bryn Mawr College, just outside of Philadelphia, Pa. Each of the little girls is so normal an American child it was possible to find. The strenuous life will live for seven years in an open air as many hours out of the day's twenty-four as possible.

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The work in science will begin with the study of air, earth and water, with illustration of various points.

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Making Up Their Own Beds on the Lawn for a Winter Afternoon Nap.

The children are first instructed in the theory of rhythm, conception by movements of the hands and feet. Later this is developed into imitative rhythm, and the children are then instructed in the theory of rhythm, conception by movements of the hands and feet.

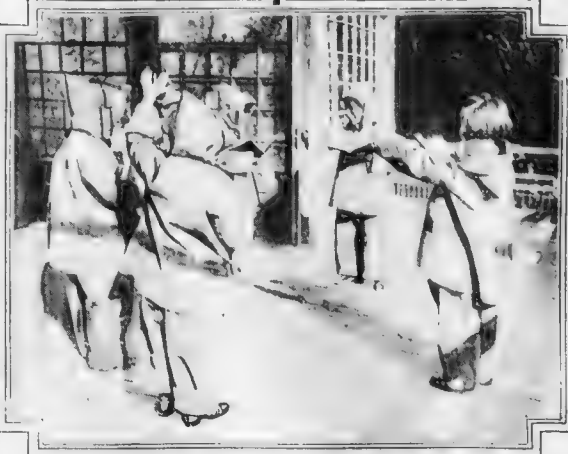
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A Little Future "Super-Woman" Leading a Class in the Open-Air School. The Dresses Are Heavy Blankettes, Made Eskimo Style.

Take a pair. Genuine exercise are a thing in their feet on a special kind of floor. The girls are instructed in the theory of rhythm, conception by movements of the hands and feet. Later this is developed into imitative rhythm, and the children are then instructed in the theory of rhythm, conception by movements of the hands and feet.

SUNDAY AMERICAN EXAMINER PATTERNS

11 Simple and Serviceable Underwear Designs Which Can Easily Be Made by Any Home Dressmaker
BARGAIN DAY--Your Selection of ANY TWO Patterns for 10 CENTS

NO. 9716—GIRL'S UNDERWEIST AND DRAWERS.

The pattern is cut in five sizes—4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3/4 yard of 36 inch material for the waist and 1 1/4 yard for the drawers for a 6 year size.

NO. 9837—LADY'S PRINCESS SLIP. The pattern is cut in five sizes—2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3/4 yard of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

NO. 9823—LADY'S CORSET COVER IN ROUND, SQUARE OR V NECK EDGE. The pattern is cut in six sizes—2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3/4 yard of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

NO. 9844—PAJAMAS FOR MISSES AND LADIES. The pattern is cut in eight sizes—14, 16 and 18 years for misses and 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure for ladies. It requires 5 yards of 36 inch material for a 14 year size and 8 1/2 yards for a 36 inch size.

NO. 9871—GIRL'S UNDERWEIST, BLOOMERS AND PETTICOAT. The bloomers or skirt may be joined to the waist or finished separately.

A 4 e pattern is cut in six sizes—2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. For the 8 year size it will require 1 1/2 yard for the petticoat, 1 1/2 yard for the bloomers and 1 yard for the waist of 36 inch material.

NO. 9829—LADY'S COMBINATION. The pattern is cut in three sizes—2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

NO. 9362—LADY'S COMBINATION CHEMISE AND DRAWERS. The pattern is cut in three sizes—2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

NO. 9599—LADY'S COMBINATION CHEMISE AND DRAWERS. The pattern is cut in three sizes—2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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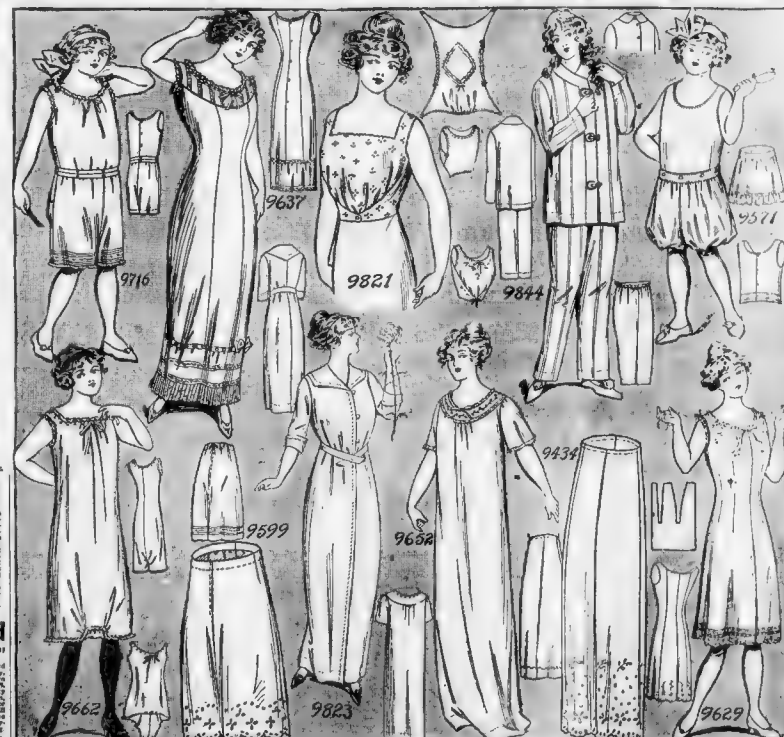
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small, medium and large. It requires 3/4 yard of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

NO. 9599—LADY'S OPEN DRAWERS, FITTED WITH DARTS. The pattern is cut in three sizes—2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3/4 yard of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

NO. 9823—LADY'S HOUSE GOWN. The pattern is cut in three sizes—2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3/4 yard of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

NO. 9844—LADY'S ROUND YOE NIGHTGOWN. The pattern is cut in three sizes—2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3/4 yard of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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HIGH GRADE HELP.



The New Spring Figures

By
Lady
Duff-Gordon



The Figure of
the
Day-After-
To-morrow.
Bouffant
Draperies of
Dresden
China Tulle
Over Pale
Rose
Tulle.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Luck" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women. Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with the center of fashion. Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York.

And the bow must be made of the same material as the skirt.

Personally I do not like the bustle, and I am sorry to see its revival, but, being a woman, there are many logical things that I dislike. I adore the present silhouette, and am doing my best to have it retained for tailored gowns, especially those developed in heavy fabrics.

The most favored early Spring fabric will be the delightful tulle. The present kinds are soft and supple, and will drape charmingly. They will even lend themselves to the bustle figure as gracefully as any satin or crepe.

In the three figures I am sending you this week you will notice three distinct phases of the coming Spring figure. The boudoir gown of shell pink satin and white lace shows rather well the figure of to-day. The tall, slender figure, with its draped tunic accentuating the size of the body from knees to waist, is the figure of to-morrow. The Dresden shepherdess, with its bouffant draperies, is the figure of the day-after-to-morrow.

Of the three figures I prefer that of to-morrow. The gown is lovely. There is the new rounded train, which is very effective. The long sleeves are decidedly chic. Even opera gowns are being made waist length. This draped tunic is drawn firmly upward, so that the figure is distinctly outlined.

The boudoir robe is really more than a lounging costume. It is entirely suitable for an informal at home when one receives one's most intimate friends. The cap is new in outline.

The Figure of To-morrow.
Hunter's Green Velvet
Dinner
Gown with the New
Draped Tunic,
Suggesting the
Revival of the
Bustle.

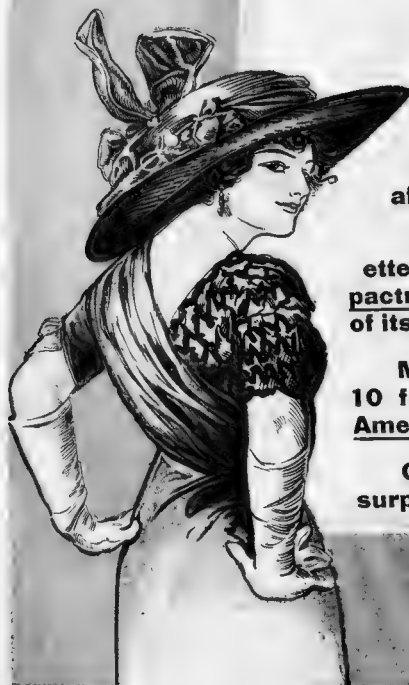


The Figure of To-day. Shell Pink Boudoir Robe, with Apron Front of Lace.

THERE will be no radical change in the fashions this Spring. The silhouette will change from time to time, but the change will be ever so slight each time. Six months from now, when the bustle is as common a part of a costume as the side drape is to-day, one may wonder how we ever brought ourselves to accept it. But the whole trend of the draped skirt has been bustleward for ten months, only we have not realized it. Fashion is never illogical. Each step is ever the logical sequence of the preceding step.

Just at present the bustle is taking the form of a large flat bow placed on the back of the skirt several inches below the waist. The skirt is then "hiked" up to meet the bow.

"Perfect Satisfaction"



MECCA

Turkish Blend
CIGARETTES

"The Envy of All Cigarette Manufacturers"

MECCA Quality is a towering landmark on the road of Progress in cigarette making. It is beyond the reach of competition. It affords millions of smokers "PERFECT SATISFACTION."

The new Oval Foil Package of 20 MECCA Turkish Blend Cigarettes has won instant, national popularity through its compactness, convenience and the foil-wrapped freshness of its double quantity of MECCA Cigarettes.

MECCA, in the famous original Slide Package of 10 for 5 cents, is the largest selling brand in America today.

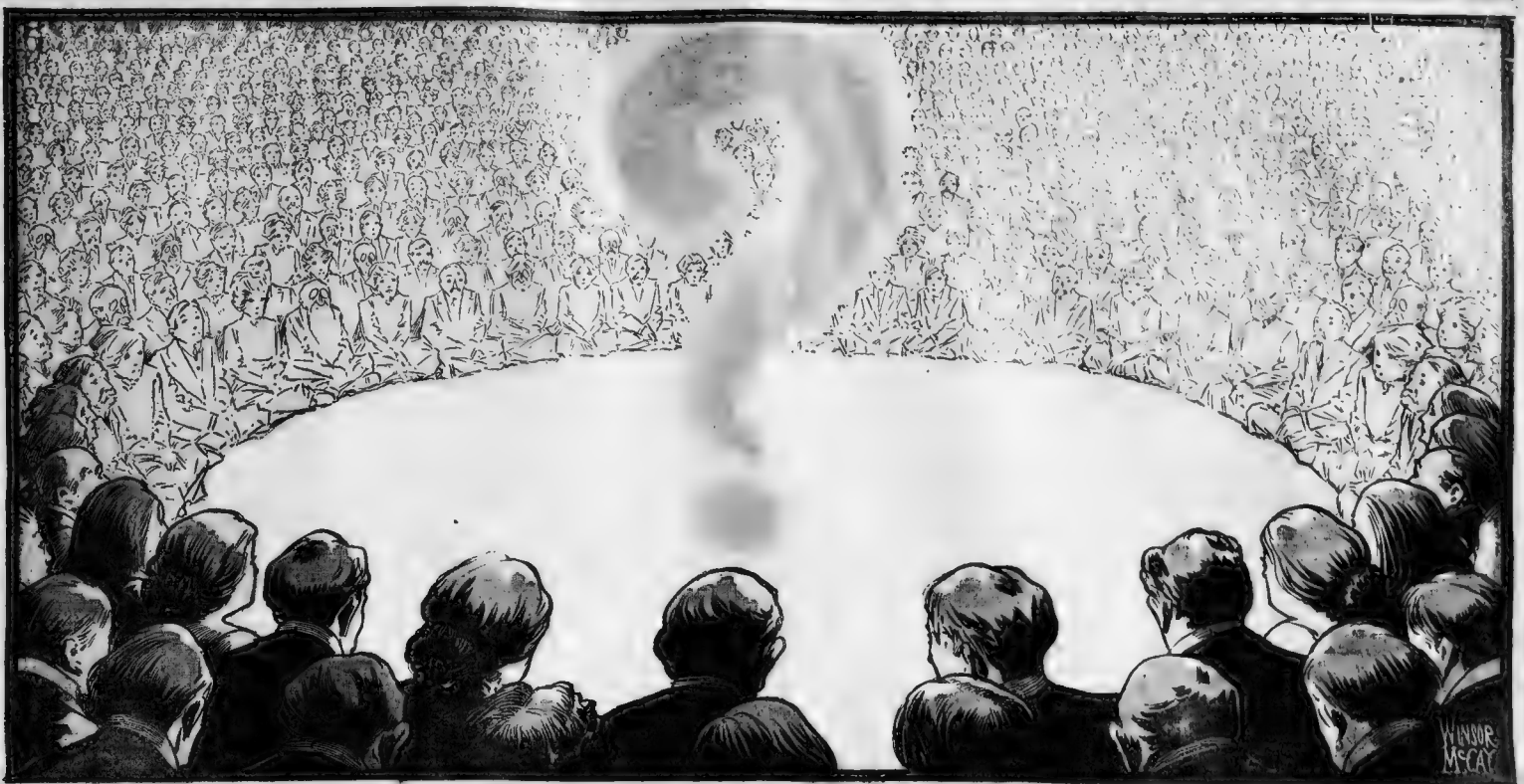
Give MECCA a trial—MECCA Quality will surprise and delight you.

In the New Foil Package **20 for 10c**

Also in the Famous Slide Package of 10 for 5c



WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?



Illustrated, 1914, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.



WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

What are we here for? This is not a social gathering. This is not a place of amusement, nor a mart where we can buy and sell and get gain. We are here for a purpose, and because of certain facts—and our belief in those facts.

We are here because we are followers of Jesus Christ, or at least interested in His teachings and His church.

The purpose of the Church of God is the salvation of souls as individuals and of the world as a society. Our Blessed Lord gave His church two definite commands, and these outline her work and form the foundation of it: "Do this in remembrance of Me"—the command to perpetuate in the Lord's Supper His loving sacrifice on the cross for the sins of the world. The other, "Go ye into all the world and make disciples."

The one furnishes us the spiritual strength and inspiration to fulfill the second. Come and receive grace and life from Me; then go and enlarge My Kingdom by personal service. The spiritual life—oneness with Christ—must be the starting point. We are brought into a state of salvation that Christ may use us to extend His Kingdom of righteousness and purity and peace throughout the world. The true Christian life must be pre-eminently a life of service.

E. J. RANDALL,
Rector St. Barnabas' Episcopal Church.

A big question, "What are we here for?" There are many of us here—about fifteen hundred millions. We die off every second, and new millions keep coming to the surface of the earth as other millions go below the ground.

In a few years, with the fighting of disease better understood and the ending of war, the earth will probably feed many thousand millions of human beings.

We all live on a little planet that goes around a big sun. The sun is traveling off through space, we know not where. If our planet dropped out of that sun it would be destroyed, like a feather falling into a red-hot furnace.

This earth is many million times as big as one of ourselves. The sun is a million times as big as our earth. And there are in sight of our feeble eyes other suns in space that are A MILLION TIMES AS BIG AS OUR SUN.

THIS IS A VERY LARGE UNIVERSE. Light going more than a hundred and eighty thousand miles in a second takes many years to cross the Milky Way. In that Milky Way our sun is a tiny speck of light. And that Milky

A Very Interesting Question. An Answer by a Clergyman---Other Answers, Many of Them, Are Possible.

Way is simply one little solar colony in the entire universe. This is an awfully big place to live in, this "cosmos," as the philosophers call it.

Well may be asked, WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

The reverend gentleman whose answer to the question is printed above takes a good, religious view.

Others may be religious, and at the same time ask themselves all kinds of questions.

What are we really here FOR? Is there any purpose in our being here? Is there any work for us to do in addition to making up for the sins of our ancestors?

We have the information of faith, which tells us that the world is about six thousand years old.

We have the information of science, which declares writing more than six thousand years old and proves that the earth has existed millions of years, and the human race at least a quarter of a million years.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

Force and intelligence cannot act without matter. There could be nothing, as we understand reality, without matter. There could be no sound, for sound is the effect of material air waves striking upon material nerves in a material ear.

There could be no seeing, as well as no hearing, in a universe without matter. For seeing is the effect of a material light wave striking the material optic nerve.

There could be no feeling in a universe without matter, for feeling, as we know it, is the effect produced upon the brain by the nerves carrying their messages to the seat of consciousness.

We are told, and the faithful believe, that the universe was created by one supreme being who had existed in a vacuum from all eternity, and then decided to create this earth. HE put us here.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

Our own religion and various other religions teach us to believe in a trinity, also to believe that one man and one woman were created, misbehaved and disobeyed.

They were driven out and have wandered, and their sons have murdered each other.

When they got very bad all but a few were drowned by a great flood. The survivors did not behave very much better after the warning of the flood than before.

What are we here for? Has the answer anything to do with the fact that THOUGHT, SPIRIT, cannot find expression except through matter?

The brain of a great artist contains wonderful pictures and statues. But without canvas, paint, marble, the brain cannot realize thought. Melody fills the mind of the musician. But he must have the material vocal cords of the throat, or the material chords of the piano or the violin—or he remains mute and his music is nothing.

Are we here on this material earth, perhaps, to give expression through matter to the spiritual force of the universe—as we represent it in our little, inferior way?

Happy believers in an omnipotent individual creator of the universe must accept the theory that matter was necessary; it was created by a being who knew in advance, so far as our little earth is concerned, all the horrible things that we were going to do, and all the punishments that we were going to deserve. For a just, affectionate, all-powerful, all-knowing being to create this planet, knowing what the human beings on it would do, and how He would punish them, there must have been some urgent necessity for a material planet and little, material human beings on it. It would have been so much kinder not to create, with a crowded hell awaiting many—if we were not necessary.

So, what are we here FOR? Are we here to develop the earth and ourselves at the same time?

Are we here, through marriage, affection, elimination of the animal and development of the spiritual, to develop a race of beings with bodies and brains making up a worthy habitation for the cosmic spirit?

In our chief task just now one of education, civilization and gradual evolution into human decency?

Are we here, just at present, to eliminate from ourselves murder, thievery and greed—as we have only recently eliminated cannibalism and other vices?

Is it really worth while discussing our little selves and the purpose that put us here until

we shall have become a little more nearly worth while talking about?

If one of us owned this earth, a marvellous, beautiful planet twenty-five thousand miles around, floating through space, bathed in sunlight, and if we also owned a few hundred millions of tiny human beings clinging to that planet, OF COURSE WE'D THINK MORE OF THE PLANET THAN WE WOULD OF THE HUMAN BEINGS, just as we think more of our gardens than we do of the ants that crawl along the gravel paths.

Is it, perhaps, the fact that in the general order of things this planet is the important thing, taking its place in the solar system, a small, beautiful part of the whole universe, intended to give the planet beauty, order and harmony—as the cheese microbes give the cheese its flavor?

Is it conceivable—let us hope not—that we are no more important to the everlasting power directing the universe than the individual cheese microbe to the dairyman?

What are we here for?

Why do a few have too much and the millions too little?

Why are children born with pain for their mothers and sorrow for themselves? Why are old people tortured with anxiety and weighted down with sorrow?

Why do more than half of the children born on the earth die in their infancy? Why do the powerful use their power to take what they do not NEED, and to oppress the weak?

Why are vice, cruelty, misery, suffering and anxiety PERMANENT features of human life, while almost everything else dies?

Why are the chapels in the prisons almost the only places of worship that are full on Sunday?

Why is the fundamental teaching of Christianity, the golden rule, something that you find IN BOOKS and not outside of book covers, after more than nineteen hundred years of the Christian era?

What are we here for?

The reverend gentleman whose letter we print gives an answer that is interesting, and probably satisfactory, for the earnest Christian.

But there are on earth only about four hundred million Christians of all kinds. And there

are about eleven hundred millions that are not Christians. WHAT ARE THE ELEVEN HUNDRED MILLIONS HERE FOR?

They cannot and will not all be converted. Many of them could not understand the Christian religion, no matter how eloquently expounded. What are THEY here for?

A difficult question for the man who wonders without the assurances of a well-settled faith.

About two hundred and fifty million Mohammedans believe that men are here to admit the prophetic, worship Allah, murder infidels, die bravely, keep sober and, later, live in a heaven well supplied with charming young ladies. But they are probably mistaken.

Many scores of millions of other Asiatics, formerly intelligent Buddhists, whose brain has gone to seed, believe that we are here "to attain Nirvana"; that is to say, they believe that man is here in order to accomplish the painful duty of living, and then end in a state of peaceful, dreamy unconsciousness that shall last forever.

They believe that their God, Gautama, came and was born, and sat in the air without an support, as a baby, delivered fine lectures, and then, out of sympathy for a hungry tigress, allowed her to eat him up that she might have milk for her cubs. But that probably is not true.

Followers of Confucius believe that men is here to be respectful, obedient to law, studious living wisdom, revering his ancestors, and that he need trouble himself little with future life, which is highly uncertain.

Hundreds of millions of men have thousands of different beliefs, all comforting. Lucky for men that they have them, and need not think. Thought is painful.

A very small candle is a fine thing in a dark cell.

And a shining faith is a comforting thing in this dark world.

But faiths do not agree. What shall the man who admires all too much to confine himself to any one of them answer to the question, "What are we here for?" He cannot give a definite answer, but this one might help.

We are here to do the best we can, control ourselves and help others, use wisely the knowledge and the wealth that we inherit from our predecessors, and try to add to both.

We are here to deal justly with our fellow-men, and live in such a way that when we die and go to heaven—whether it be the heaven of the red Indians, the Mahometan, the Christian or any other—deserve the friendly opinion of the judges there, who will say:

"Well, all things considered, he did about as well as could be expected of him."

Zangwill as U. S. the World's "Melting Pot"

Famous Author Presents Some Noteworthy Facts as to Amazing Assimilation of Races.

Special Cable to Boston American.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—Israel Zangwill's famous play, "The Melting Pot," which was readily accepted in the United States as a great work, is to have a belated production here at the Court Theatre tomorrow night. For the occasion the play has been put into both form, to which Mr. Zangwill has appended the following remarkable treatise of defence and explanation:

By Israel Zangwill.

"THE Melting Pot" is the title of the writer's play to be published in book form, though the first of the three in order of composition. But unlike "The War of the Worlds" and "The Next Religion," which are dramatizations of the spiritual duties of our time, "The Melting Pot" sprang directly from the author's concrete experience as president of the Emigration Regulation Department of the Jewish Territorial Organization, which, founded shortly after the last massacre of Jews in Russia, will soon have fostered the settlement of ten thousand Russian Jews in the West of the United States.

It will be seen from the official table of immigration that the Russian Jew is only one and not even the largest of the fifty elements that to the tune of nearly a million and a half a year, are being fused in the greatest "Melting Pot" the world has ever known; but if he is selected as the typical immigrant, it is because he alone of all the fifty has no home land. Some few other races, such as the Armenians, are almost equally devoid of political power, and, in consequence, equally open to massacre; but except the gipsy, whose absence is to be homesick, there is no other race—black, white, red or yellow—that has not remained at least a majority of the population in some area of the world.

There is none, therefore, more in need of a land of liberty, none to whose future it is more vital that America should preserve that spirit of William Penn which President Wilson has so nobly characterized. And there is assuredly none which has more valuable elements to contribute to the ethnic and psychical amalgam of the people of tomorrow.

The process of American amalgamation is not a type, as is popularly supposed, but an alchemical and inevitable by which the final type may be enriched or impoverished.

Even as to the ultimate language of the United States, it is unreasonable to suppose that America, though fortunately protected by English literature, will not bear traces of the fifty languages now being spoken side by side with it, and of which this play alone presents scraps in German, French, Russian, Yiddish, Hebrew and Italian.

That in the crucible of love, or even occultic rhapsody, the most violent antitheses of the past may be fused into a higher unity is a truth of both ethics and observation, and it was in order to present historic enemies at their extremes that the persecuted Jew of Russia and the persecuting Russian race have been taken for protagonists of the fell incensed points of sight of opposites.

The Jewish immigrant is, moreover, the poorest of all the fifty elements that have been poured into the American crucible, the race having, by its unique experience of several thousand years of exposure to alien miseries, developed a salamander power of survival. And this is the reason it has made even more progress by the assimilation of American civilization.

Nevertheless, I suppose that America will remain permanently afflicted by all the old European diseases would be to disparage of humanity, not to mention the American.

Even the negrophobia is not likely to recede externally at its present intensity. I do not doubt there is an instinctive sympathy which tends to keep the white man free from having other reasons than the discovery of a large minority in all the many

periods and all the many countries of their country, it is equally certain that there are at work forces of attraction as well as of repulsion, and that even upon the negro the "Melting Pot" of America will not fail to act as a measure as it has acted on the tied Indian, who has found it almost as facile to mate with his white neighbors as with his black.

Indeed, it is as much racial prejudice as racial nativity that today divides black and white in the New World. The late Sir Henry Oliver has recorded that in Jamaica the white is for more on his guard and his dignity against the half-white than against the all-black, while in Guiana, according to Sir Harry Johnston in his great work, "The Negro in the New World," it is the half-white that, in his turn, displaces the black and succeeds in marrying still further white-washed. It might have been thought that the dark-skinned races on the northern shore of the Mediterranean—the Samurians, Sittians, etc.—who have already been crossed with the sons of Ham from its southern shore, would, among the American immigrants, be the natural links toward the future of white and black, but a similar instinct of pride and peril seems to hold them back.

But whether the antipathy in America be a race instinct or a social prejudice, the accusation against the black is largely palpable myth.

The devil is not so black nor the black so devilish as he is painted. This is not to deny that the propagations of race is an ugly and undesirable type of contumacious or that it rounds a lower average of intellect and ethics, or that white and black are as yet too far apart for profitable fusion. Misapprehension, or fear of the black, may be practically as valuable a racial defence for the white as the counter-indict of philophobia, or love of the white, is a force of racial uplifting for the black.

But neither color has succeeded in monopolizing all the virtues and graces in its specific evolution from the common ancestral age.

And besides being, as Sir Sydney Oliver says, "a matrix of emotional and spiritual energies that go to form their higher expression," the African negro has obviously already made a few valuable ethnic elements—joy of life, love of color, keener senses, beautiful voice, and ear for music—contributions that might somewhat compensate for the dragging down of the white, and, in small doses at least, might one day prove a tonic to an anemic and artless America.

A musician like Coleridge-Taylor is a no-depreciable product of the "Melting Pot," while the negroes of genius to know—men like Henry O. Tanner, the painter, and Laurence Dunbar, the poet—show the potentialities of the race even without white admixture; and as men of this stamp are capable of artistic achievement, so the white race, beginning at the top with types like which starts with the drags of both races.

But the negro and his complexion being, in the eyes of the American, the only barrier to the ideal of a republic, it is not surprising that black traits are not easy to eliminate from the hybrid posterity; and in view of all the unpleasantness both immediately and in the future, the blending of colors, only hindered by the conditions of intermarriage. Blacks of this temper, however, would serve their race better by making their own way in the world, than by attending the blending of colors, only hindered by the conditions of intermarriage.

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right of justice and equal rights as the Moslem from Arabia, from which the Puritan Fathers drew their inspiration.

In America, therefore, the Jew, by a roundabout journey from Zion, has come into his own again.

It is by no mere accident that when an inscription was needed for the colossal Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, that "Mother of Exiles" whose torch lights the entrance to the New World, the best expression of the spirit of Americanism was found in the sentiment of the Jew, Emma Lazarus:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,<
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

And if, alas! passing through the golden door, the Jew finds his New Jerusalem as much a caricature by the crumbling of its early ideals as the old became by the fading of the vision of (Jah and Amos, he may find his mission in fighting for the preservation of the original Hebrew pattern.

In this fight he will not be alone, and intermarriage with his fellow-citizens in the new land of Promise will naturally follow where no theological divides divide. There will be neither Jew nor Greek, intermarriage, wherever there is social intimacy, will follow. Even when the parties stand in opposite religious camps, the Jew is as available as a living in a house divided against itself and to disown in the upbringing of the children.

It is only when a common outlook has been reached, transcending the old doctrinal differences, that intermarriage becomes a natural thing, and which keep even Catholic and Protestant wisely apart.

These records, together with the prevalent anti-Semitism and his own ingrained persistence, tend to preserve the Jew even in the "Melting Pot," so that his dissolution must be necessarily slower than that of the similar assimilation of German, Italian or Polish.

But the process for all is the same, however tempered by specific factors. Beginning as broken-off bits of Germany, Italy, or Poland, with newspapers and theatres in German, Italian, or Polish, these colonies gradually become Americanized, their vernaculars, even when jealously cherished, become a mere medium for American conceptions of life; while in the third generation the child is ashamed of his parents and their lingo, the newspapers die in discreditation, the theatres languish.

The reality of this process has been denied by no less an authority as American than Dr. Charles D. Willard, president of Harvard University, whose prophecy of Jewish solidarity in America and of the contribution of Judaism to the world's future is more optimistic than my own. He points to the still unnumbered heaps of racial matter, without suspecting—though he is a chemist—that their semblance of solidarity is only kept up by the constant immigration of similar atoms. He bases his replacement of similarity on the basis to replace those liquefied at the apex.

Once America claims her doors, the crucible will roar like a steam furnace. Heaven forbid, however, that the doors should be slammed for centuries yet. The notion that the few millions of people in America have a moral right to exclude others is monstrous.

Exclusionism may have some justification in exclusivity, especially when old and well populated; but for continents like the United States—or, for the matter of that, Canada and Australia—to mistake themselves for mere islands is an intolerable injustice to the rest of the human race.

The exclusion of criminals is as impossible in practice as the exclusion of the sick and aged. It is the duty of the state to keep the gates of birth free from undesirable. As for the exclusion of the able-bodied, whether illiterate or literate, that is sheer economic madness in so empty a continent.

Fortunately, any serious restriction will come from within, not from without. The Jew and his kind, however, are not the only ones who will be affected by the process of assimilation. The Jew and his kind, however, are not the only ones who will be affected by the process of assimilation.

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WHAT CAME INTO THE MELTING POT IN ONE YEAR.

Official report of the aliens admitted to the United States in the year ended June 30, 1913:

African (black)	9,754	Lithuanian	25,829
Armenian	9,554	Mexican	28,561
Bohemian and Moravian	11,852	Pacific Islander	87
Bulgarian, Serbian, Montenegrin	10,083	Polish	127,207
Chinese	3,487	Portuguese	14,881
Croatian and Slavonian	44,754	Rumanian	14,780
Cuban	8,121	Russian	58,880
Dalmatian, Bosnian, Herzegovinian	4,775	Ruthenian (Russian)	39,408
Denmark	18,749	Sandwich Islander	15,195
East Indian	234	Scotch	21,643
English	100,082	Slovak	29,094
Finnish	14,920	Spanish	15,017
French	28,509	Spanish-American	5,408
German	101,784	Syrian	10,919
Greek	40,153	Turkish	2,132
Hebrew	105,828	Welsh	3,822
Irish	48,826	West Indian (except Cuban)	2,802
Italian (north)	54,171	Other peoples	5,813
Italian (south)	254,346		
Japanese	11,672	Total	1,427,227
Korean	74		

average itself not only by the stagnation of many of the States, but by the influx of the great liners which depend on storage passengers, without whom freights and fares will rise and sailors passengers be docked of their sailing facilities.

Meantime the inquisition at Ellis Island has to its account cruelties no less atrocious than the ancient Spanish—cruelties that only flash into memory the prominence of some luxurious music hall lady of dubious morals has a taste of the barbarities meted out daily to blasphemers and hardworking refugees from oppression. The suffering, who, having started their all on the great adventure, find themselves hunted back, penniless and heartbroken, to the Old World.

Whether any country will ever again be based like the Old World on the basis of race or religion is a matter of doubt. New England, of course, like Pennsylvania and Maryland, owes its inception to religion, but the original impulse has long been submerged by purely economic pressure. And the same motive immigration from the Old World is building up the bulk of the coming countries. At most, the dominant language gives a semblance of unity and serves to attract a considerable stream of immigrants who speak it, as of Portuguese to Brazil, Spaniards to the Argentine.

But the chief magnet remains economic, for Brazil draws six times as many Italians as Portuguese, and the Argentine two and a half times as many Italians as Spanish. It may be urged, of course, that the Italian gravitation to these countries is still a matter of race, and that, in the absence of an El Dorado of his own, the Italian is attracted toward States that are least Latin. But though Brazil and the Argentine be predominantly Latin, the minority of Germans, Austrians and Swiss is by no means insignificant.

The great modern steamship, in fact—supplanted by the wandering Jew and the seductive agent—is playing the part in the world formerly played by invasions and crusades, while the "economic" immigrant is more and more replacing the refugee, just as the purely commercial company working under a charter is replacing the chartered company which was a law to itself.

How small a part in the modern movement is played by the religious impulse may be seen from the avidity with which the farmers of the United States cross the borders to Canada to obtain the large free holdings which enable them to sell off their American properties at low prices to the prudent trader who knows the environment is shown in the shameless yet Argentine-born children for the English spoken by their British parents.

The process is a method of importing the ingredients of nations thus no difference to the action of the crucible.

What, I believe, and what I have learned in support of my belief, is that the Jew and his kind, however, are not the only ones who will be affected by the process of assimilation.

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THE AFFAIR OF THE DOOR An Entrancing Tale of Love and Mystery

Continued from Last Sunday.

"It will be nuts for the papers," I commented, then making an effort. I remarked, "You are a most delicious man, Mr. Gryce, and must have other reasons than the discovery of these rings for your threatened arrest of a man of such excellent repute as Silas Van Buren's eldest son. I should like to hear them, Mr. Gryce. I should like to hear them very much."

"My attempt to seem at ease under these embarrassing conditions must have given a certain assurance to my tone; for, instead of replying, he remarked, with well-simulated concern and a fatherly humming of my fully peculiarly aspersing to one of my temptations: "You are displeased, Miss Butterworth, because we did not let you find the rings."

"Perhaps," but we were engaged in an open field, were least expected the police to stand aside for me.

"Exactly! Especially when you have the secret satisfaction of having put the police on the track of these jewels."

"How?"

Lena again.

"I was so dumfounded by this last assertion, I did not attempt to reply. Fortunately, my friend interpreted my silence and the 'stony glare' which it was accompanied."

"I know that it must seem to you altogether too bad, to be tripped up at the moment of your anticipated triumph. But if apologies will suffice to express your indignation, I should like to pay you to accept them, Miss Butterworth, both on my own part and on that of the superintendent of police."

"I did not understand in the least what he was talking about, but I recognized the sarcasm of his final expression, and had spent enough to reply."

"Your ignorance is too important for any more nonsense. Whereabouts in Franklin Van Buren's desk were these rings found, and how do you know that his brother did not put them there?"

"Your ignorance is refreshing, Miss Butterworth. If you will ask me to be talking over since he gave you what object connected with Mr. Van Buren's desk, he had his hands yesterday morning. I have an answer to your first question. The second one is quite more easily answered. Mr.

Howard Van Buren did not conceal the rings in the Duane street office for the reason that he has not been in the office since his wife was killed. Regarding this fact we are as well advised as yourself. Now you change color, Miss Butterworth. But there is no secret. With me, as with you, I have made less trouble and fewer mistakes than were to be expected."

"Worse and worse!" He was pausing me now, and for awhile I had done nothing to bring about. I surveyed him in absolute amazement. With me, as with you, I have made less trouble and fewer mistakes than were to be expected."

"Shrewd!" was the short ejaculation he uttered this morning. "If that term of admiration is intended for me, I am flattered. I am only too sensible of the honor. But history has never succeeded in making me talk against my better judgment. I may be shrewd, but a fool could see what to do in this emergency. I am sure when I have deserved it, I am sure when I have deserved it."

"I begin to think that what you without so resolutely has more than common value, Miss Butterworth. If this is so, I must not be the only one to listen to your explanations. Is not that a carriage I hear stopping?" I am expecting to see you here. If you have been wise to delay your communications till he came."

"Curious what a man!" and it was the inspector who alighted from the police, if only because one of their number has chosen to look upon my efforts with disdain. I mean you, Mr. Gryce; so, if you are in a hurry, I am sure you will meanly—just!—I will accept your apologies just so far as you honor me with your confidence. I know you are anxious to hear what evidence I have collected, or you would not be wasting time on me this busy morning."

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connection with it which you have not as yet given to the police."

"You have heard correctly," I returned. "I have taken a deep interest in this tragedy, and I have come into possession of some facts which I am inclined to discuss with you. I have imparted to no living soul."

"But I was not so disinterested by these thoughts as not to make one attempt to tell something about Mr. Gryce before the inspector joined us."

"Why do you speak to me of my maid in one breath and of a girl in another?" He asked. "You think I am a fool?"

"Hush!" he enjoined. "We will have to wait until this morning. I am only too sensible of the honor. But history has never succeeded in making me talk against my better judgment. I may be shrewd, but a fool could see what to do in this emergency. I am sure when I have deserved it, I am sure when I have deserved it."

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"I stole a look at Mr. Gryce before leaving. He had turned the vase upside down, and was intently studying the contents. I could not conceal his expectation. I could not give him a definite answer. Greatly surprised, he remarked, 'I had resolved upon, and calmly but vigorously in support of my brother.'"

"What, I believe, and what I have learned in support of my belief, is that the Jew and his kind, however, are not the only ones who will be affected by the process of assimilation."

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to a proper manner till I know just how the case stands."

"It is not curiosity that troubles Miss Butterworth. It is the conflict of her desire to have the whole matter cleared up, and her desire to keep it secret. I have betrayed but little in my questioning."

"If called as a witness, Miss Butterworth, you would be sought to manage me—you will have no choice in the matter. You will be cross-examined. I should like to see you in the confessions of court."

"But it is not what I might feel called upon to say then, but what I can say now that is of interest to you at this present moment. You are generous, gentlemen. I am sure you will be satisfied with my curious and exclusive. But I am neither a student, and although I am a woman and ignorant of this business, I have earned, as I think you will acknowledge later, the right to see my name on your part. I am not present the facts I have to report."

"The name I acknowledged. 'But it is not what I might feel called upon to say then, but what I can say now that is of interest to you at this present moment. You are generous, gentlemen. I am sure you will be satisfied with my curious and exclusive. But I am neither a student, and although I am a woman and ignorant of this business, I have earned, as I think you will acknowledge later, the right to see my name on your part. I am not present the facts I have to report.'"

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Cardinal O'Connell's Great Sermon on Triumphant Christianity

The play, the magazine, the ballroom all give evidence of an ever-increasing disregard of even the rudiments of common decency of dress, of deportment, of conversation and of conduct, declares the Archbishop

THE fervent sermon was delivered on Sunday last by Cardinal William H. O'Connell, in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. It is printed in full today in the Sunday AMERICAN as a document of the widest interest to people of all creeds and denominations:

This beautiful feast of the Holy Name of Jesus affords another opportunity to all our good Catholic men to prove to the world that the faith is as strong in their hearts and souls and minds as it was in their fathers' who died rather than betray it.

Every day in the year the Catholic is a Christian. Every Sunday in the year our churches are crowded to the doors, not once but many times, at several services by earnest, fervent worshippers, and thousands upon thousands approach the altar to partake of the Holy Communion, which is at the same time the pledge of their love of God and the stimulus and support of their sincere faith.

But today we see a special demonstration of this spiritual activity in the wonderful outpouring of Christian manhood which gathers here and in every community throughout the whole diocese to prove to the world that the church still lives, that true faith never dies.

What a spectacle to behold! This vast cathedral thronged with the hosts of Christian men of every walk of life, of every nationality, of every avocation. This is the true democracy which the Christian faith alone can plant and nourish.

Look abroad and behold the contrast. The temples of other creeds are deserted and forsaken. Every day we see new proofs of a disintegration of sects and de-

nominations once numerous and influential.

A mere handful sits in the chilly churches which once housed flourishing congregations. Millions are growing up without even an intelligent knowledge of God, of Christ, of religion, of spiritual life. The press, the stage, the street, are flooded with living proofs of a spiritual decadence which can bring only social and national ruin.

The play, the magazine, the ballroom, all give evidence of an ever-increasing disregard of even the rudiments of common decency of dress, of deportment, of conversation and of conduct.

Little by little the bars have been lowered, letting out the few influences which held society in restraint, and letting in a very flood of folly, or insatiable greed for amusement of any and every kind, until what even a few years ago would make a decent woman blush to see in others has become so common that even decent women now accept it as matter of fact for themselves and their daughters.

We need neither pride nor Puritan to see and to realize that something is passing in the heart and the mind of the women of today which is leaving them hard and unwomanly, and that year by year this transformation goes on until, if it continues, there will be neither home nor family nor normal womanly nature left.

If this is the new woman, then God spare us from any further development of an abnormal creature! Certainly this is not the Catholic woman.

Thank God, the woman who is true to her faith is not easily influenced by these modern fads of a new paganism. She has her standards, and she stands by them unchanged.

And what, in the last analysis, is the cause of all this moral degeneracy evident on all sides? Why, it is simply the natural result of the decay of even the external semblance of Christianity outside the church.

For fifty years we have witnessed a battle royal against all those principles which held together what was left of Christianity among those who had deserted the true faith.

The preacher was derided, his sermons plucked to pieces, the Bible was dissected and torn page by page until nothing but the cloth cover is now left. The rich controlled the pulpit, and the sermon did not attract the poor—and without the poor there never can be a church.

The minister was paid starvation wages to preach sermons which extolled the virtues of coal barons and steel kings and oil empires. Even royal salaries cannot produce sincerity in a preacher. And no man could go on for long leaving out of his sermon the only thing his soul longed to say—that Christ came to bring justice to the suffering, and that riches are often times the result of injustice to someone. So the poor deserted those temples of a cold, respectable creed, where the pews were owned by stockholders and the pulpit controlled by wealth.

Without sincerity in the pulpit and poor in the pews there never has been, there never can be, any moral influence in any church. As so in wonder today they are empty. No wonder the few sincere men, doubtless in good faith, struggling to keep alive the little spark of Christianity left in their congregations, are disheartened.

But if the Bible is nothing but a bit of

literature, if faith is only superstition, if Jesus came and again we have been told by the intellectuals, the moralists, and the poets are all the same, and that religion is a current, then what wonder that the churches are empty, and what wonder that men refuse to think any more of God or of religion, or of moral law.

The leaders of this false and erudite modernism have lost all that is best in life. They have killed the heart in men because they themselves have no heart. What do they know of real life, they who have never for a single day lived among the poor, the laborer, the struggling artisan—they whose whole existence has been spent among chemical formulas or in the prim mediocrity of a university board meeting, where an error in grammar is a mortal sin and where a soft voice passes for conviction and principle?

Why, this is all shown. How can men who know nothing of hearts, nothing of feeling, nothing of the trials of poverty, of affliction, whose whole creed is a concealed notion of their own importance, and whose whole life is a sort of flawless cycle, know anything of real life, of real moral and spiritual, in fact, what you they know of real most?

If they would confine themselves to chemistry, we should have some respect for their opinions. But when they invent a new religion each year, a thing which is as old as error and has nothing of religion in it—they simply make themselves ridiculous.

We men of the Holy Name need no Go to Church Sunday—and we need and will have nothing of a new religion and their concealed intentions.

Let men find the old and only religion—the Christian faith which has answered to every need of every man in every age.

Let them find a sincere pulpit, a preacher who seeks to know the doctrine as Christ taught it; let him speak that out in love and tenderness to the poor, the wayward, the struggling; let him look right in the eyes of the poor, the struggling, the wayward, the struggling, who have only selfishness for their creed; let him go to the homes of those who need



WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL.

to hear the consoling words of Christ and not the concealed intention of some passage of chemistry, and then the church will be filled to overflowing as ours are as this cathedral is today.

Let them all drop the false and frills of a false social and moral standard of life and get down to the hearts of men and of things.

We are tired to death of theories which never solve anything and only breed confusion. The world is being talked to death, with a new sociology and a new religion and a new system of pedagogy at the end of every public dinner.

Amid all this riot of talk, who can really think? It is thought, not talk, that is most wanted and most needed. It is son-

deration of all old and eternal truths—eternal and immutable, that will bring back to those even outside the true church respect for Christian principles and Christian ideals.

So, men of the Holy Name, stand where you are, fixed and firm, bound heart and hand to the cross of Christ. The so-called progress about you is only the whirling in a circle of minds which have lost the value of standards.

The Holy Name of Jesus, the cross of Christ, the voice of God sounding across the centuries ever the same, these are unchangeable and variable signs—they are the stars of Heaven, fixed and shining, to lead you through life to eternity with God.

Expected Resignation of Winston Churchill Will Be Harmless to Home Rule

Remarkable Parallel Between Careers of Father and Son—Ruler of the King's Navy Would Like to Jump, but Dare Not.

By C. O'CONNELL GALVIN.

THAT very eccentric young gentleman, the Right Hon. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, is on the verge of proving before the world that



the son of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, who was, in his day, beyond all question, the premier eccentricity of British statesmanship.

Churchill, the younger, is now shivering on the brink, but he doesn't dare to make the plunge. He will, however, make it, using "cabinet disarrangement" over his big navy budget as the excuse. One of these days the British people will find staring them in the big type of the London press, the news that Churchill has resigned from the ministry and has gone back to his old love, the party of the Tories. In such a crisis as the present, Churchill will be true to the blood that is in him.

Like Father-Like Son.

His father was one of the most adept throwers of somersaults British politics has ever had. He began his career in the House of Commons as the leader of the famous "Fourth Party"—a coalition of three besides himself. In a few years, he flung his

PEACE OR WAR?

ONE of the deepest and most sagacious of the conventional answers of Mr. Johnson ran, I think, something like this: "Why, sir, strictly speaking, physical courage is not a Christian virtue. Nevertheless, a Christian man should cultivate it; for he who has lost that virtue can never be certain of preserving any other." But in our own more refined age not only is courage not called Christian, but cowardice is actually called Christianity. Motives entirely base, selfish, materialistic and timid, are supposed to have some kind of savour of the gospel about them so long as they lead to peace and not to war.

Of course, every Christian man, if he be sane, thinks that peace is better than war; and if his horror of war is a compassion for stricken soldiers or an indignation at transgressed rights, it is the sentiment of a Christian and even of a saint. But what I complain of is that this spiritual superiority is claimed by Pacifists whose motive is about as elevated as Fabius's when he pretended to be a corpse on the battlefield of Shrewsbury. To keep the peace for money may be as wicked as to make war for money.

These rhetoricians may call the merely physical case against war "an advance" in human ethics; but to me it seems not half so high advancing as it is like running away.

I remember that Mr. Norman Angell, though a able writer, tied himself into a most curious knot on this part of the question. He proved—

or at least, attempted with no little ingenuity to prove—that war was never in the long run materially profitable, even to the victorious party; that winning a battle, in short, was as much waste of money as losing it. All this much was of money as losing it. All this much was of money as losing it. All this much was of money as losing it.

Then, of course, people with a rather morbid (and spiritual) turn of mind asked him in return: "But what am I to do if I am wronged? Is a nation never to defend its frontiers or a populace its liberty because they may be poorer at the end of the struggle?" To this Mr. Norman Angell made a most extraordinary answer. He said, in effect, that when poor old Europe had grown poor and sweet enough to believe in his gospel of peace she would also have risen against such little weaknesses as crushing a mob or humbling an enemy. But, unfortunately, he had just been explaining his gospel of peace; and it did not involve any purity or sweetness at all. He had proved to his own satisfaction that every one ought to avoid war for purely selfish reasons. It obviously follows that every one might avoid war and continue to be purely selfish. It follows even more obviously that every one who had so acted for his own sake would be quite free, and quite likely, to press his advantage in any other way; as in the bleeding of a defenceless debtor, the poisoning of an armed crowd, or the retention of a risk but reluctant prisoner.

He tells us to give up our swords because

swords are valueless; in fact, he tells us to sell our swords and have the best of the bargain. He cannot afford that talk about his generous we shall be if we give away our valuable things. He advises Tommy Atkins not to take the King's shilling, but not on the ground that it is a shilling, but on the ground that it is a bad shilling.

After that it is absurd to say: "To meet sturdy heights will the soul of Atkins have soared when he is too proud and free to accept a coin that is not negotiable?" After that he will surely never drink or swear, or flirt with housemaids again?" If Mr. Norman Angell has proved anything, he has proved that even the worst man must abandon war. He cannot now argue that it will be the best way to do it.

But where the great sanity and yet subtlety of Dr. Johnson's remark can be found is in the effect of this wrong kind of Pacifism on all the other ideals of the people who hold it. If the physical courage is not quite a Christian virtue, surely physical cowardice is not a Christian virtue. Christianity would have been at a considerable disadvantage in the reign of the great idealists of the people who hold it. If the physical courage is not quite a Christian virtue, surely physical cowardice is not a Christian virtue. Christianity would have been at a considerable disadvantage in the reign of the great idealists of the people who hold it.

And, in a milder and more philosophic style, he is the same with the wrong kind of peace mak-

Jerome of New York and a cousin of William Travers Jerome, former district attorney of New York, who is no less busy now trying to chase Thaw back to the quiet shadows of Matteawan.

Lady Randolph was not long a widow when she plunged into politics as a leader of the Primrose League, founded in honor of the late Disraeli. As soon as her son, Winston, was old enough to wear long trousers she began to groom him for a statesman.

The grooming was so thorough and eager that before he was twenty-five the ambitious Lady Randolph had Winston selected as the Tory candidate for Oldham, a cotton bleaching city a few miles outside Manchester. Winston was beaten badly at the polls but at the next election he tried again and was elected.

He had been in Parliament for a few years when he threw off the mantle of Toryism and entered the Liberal party, in whose ranks he made progress so rapid as to soon reach the heights of political distinction. A Liberal of Liberalism, associate himself. It is a serious thing to say, and I say it very seriously, but I believe that if Byron lived for twenty years, he would be a Liberal.

English Liberalism would back up Austria against Garibaldi; that if Kossuth defied Austria, English Liberalism would back up Austria against Kossuth; that if Kossuth defied Russia, English Liberalism would support Russia against Poland; that every one of the heroes of Liberalism would be now regarded simply as a group of peace.

In other words, this one appetite or passion (which is, if the motive be right, a holy and sacred appetite) has eaten up all the other appetites of the political idealist, the appetite for liberty, the appetite for justice, the appetite for self-government, the hunger for justice, the thirst for religion. All these are to be sacrificed because a few prosperous people choose to invent an entirely new Christian virtue out of the natural human desire for being supplied with long bits of steel or peppered with small bits of lead.

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—By G. K. Chesterton

"The Thousandth Woman" IN HARP-R'S BAZAR

EVEN in his famous detective story, "Raffles," Mr. Horning did not give his readers the thrill one finds in this Harper's BAZAR tale of another detective work and the love and loyalty of the "thousandth woman." The working out of the plot is keenly interesting—the putting together the pieces of an intricate puzzle. And the woman is very sweet and very real—a good "sport" and companion as a man could want. The love interest is present always under the net of circumstantial evidence which is weaving its course.

of the old garden's evidence of identity as compared with circumstantial evidence. Blanche and Caselot go on to England, his old home and the scene of the recent murder, and meet there Mr. Frankwater, an inspector from Scotland Yard, who, when Caselot offers to show him, in the library, what may prove a clue, tells him that "the man" has been found.

Caselot easily they have searched for the missing cop in the chair upholsterer, which he shows to the inspector, revealing a hidden passage which he had made when a boy. While Blanche makes friends with the neglected Craven, the Scotland Yard man disappears through the door, led by Caselot and search the foundations. This forces Blanche's attention to a very grimy figure emerging from the cellar—Caselot, dusty and disheveled.



"Oh, Blanche, is that all you have to tell me?" asked Martha. A charming illustration by A. B. Wenzell for "The Thousandth Woman," in the January number of Harper's BAZAR.

understand a brief synopsis follows: SYNOPSIS. Caselot, an Englishman young home after many years spent in Australia, returns to his ship at Genoa, having been left behind at Naples. He tells his cabin mate, Hilton Toye, an American, of a dream in which he has seen an old enemy, Henry Craven, lying dead in his library at Kingston, a suburb of London. When they arrive at Southampton they discover that Craven has been murdered and all England is carried over the search for the murderer, to whom there is no clue. Only the old porter of Craven's house had seen the bearded man who escaped bareheaded, though no hat or cap was found. The butler had answered a telephone call from a stranger. Toye suspects Craven, a business associate of Craven's, who has just finished a fourteen years' term in jail for a crime rarely inspired by Craven. Caselot defends Craven against the older man and been kind to him. Caselot first thought to be a new acquaintance with Blanche Vancian, his childhood friend, with whom he has been in a friendly correspondence. He runs into a taxi and finds her in a new home. She, too, is depressed by the murder of the old neighbor. He tells her that Toye has been in a habit of knowing her. Blanche's old nurse, Martha, welcomes Caselot and reveals that he has removed the board that he had disliked in a photograph sent to Blanche. After a happy, intimate hour of reminiscence of long and quiet days in Blanche's old home, which is warm and empty, they are joined by Toye, who tells them that Craven has been arrested. Caselot is indignantly insistent that Craven is innocent, and they discuss the evidence, but that was not all that was to be said. There was much more to the story. Toye's mind all morning, and he took charge in front. Caselot had looked some of the things in the War Office which he had shown him to lunch daily at the hotel; but what his job had been abroad a German steamer Toye did not know and was not the man to inquire. It was no business, anyway. Reference to a card traded for his own in South London Water, and duly filed in his correspondence, reminded him of a face, a crooked nose and thin lips. And there he was eventually enticed to a small, woman-like rather expeditionary man. "Did you see the crooked nose?" suddenly inquired the visitor on their way back through the hall. A martial bust had been admired extravagantly before the visitor.

Never want to see it again, or Toye felt his own himself as he looked his way through St. James' square. If it had not been just after lunch, he would have gone straight and in a constable, of course he knew. A place for them. What he did was to slip round out of the square, and to obtain for the asking, at another old hand on Cockspur street, the little tin of continental trans. This he carried, not on foot, but in a taxi to the Hotel, where it kept him busy in his own room for the best part of another hour. By that time Hilton Toye looked far more than an hour older than on coming down at his writing table with pen, paper and the little book of trans. He looked horrified, he looked distressed, and yet he looked crafty, determined, and immensely alive. He proceeded, however, to take some of the life out of his trans, and to add still more to his already long, by replying to Hilton Toye for more inward St. James' and London. Now the only Turkish bath, according to Hilton Toye—somewhat exclusive club, was not even a hundred yards from Caselot's hotel; and there the visitor of the morning again presented himself before the afternoon was out; now merely a little worse, a man who looked after looking a stone old, on a warm day, and a bit bit about the chin, which of course looked a little deeper and a tronger as that account. Caselot was not his friend would wait, and, in fact, waited over an hour in the little lounge. An evening paper was offered to him; he took it listlessly, scarcely looked at it, and then tore it in his anxiety to find something to read. He had quite forgotten from the newspaper end, but he was waiting as steadily as before when he arrived in tremendous spirits.

"Poor old Sweep!" she laughed. "It's a shame that you should have come home to be worried like this." "I am worried," he said simply. "I'm just worried, all you're doing for that man, but especially the way you're doing it. I wish to God you wouldn't say that, Blanche." "I don't say it," she said. "I heard all about it from Charlie Hilton one up last night." "You're on the telephone, are you?" "Everybody is in these days. Where have you lived? Oh, I've got it." "And she laughed. Anything to hit this sort of their out of the minor key." "But what does old Charlie really think of the case? That's more to the point," said Caselot teasingly. "Well, he seemed to fear there was no chance of bad before a judgment hearing. But I rather he was not going to be in himself." "No. We decided on business sports who love riding, and where a family lawyer like Charlie owns to looking down his nose on the case, and print him up about old Sweep and his end in the foundations. He'll make an example of his water—Charlie says they call him Bobby's husband." "But surely he'll have to be a client who's behind him." "No. He's just the type who would have rushed in anyhow. And he'll be time enough to put it under obligation when he's in himself." "I had to guard against an equally sympathetic volunteer as she asked. "How I'd like to see him for?" "Eight days." "Well, then, you'll know best or worse, say day tomorrow." "Yes," he said, eagerly, almost. "I'll be there." "Way it goes, I'm afraid it will be a long time before you'll be able to see him, Blanche; some of our friends will be about to way I want this to be the way our lives." (What they did with their wife is told in the full installment "The Thousandth Woman," in the January Harper's BAZAR.)

Two whole days, and we'd had where a family lawyer like Charlie owns to looking down his nose on the case, and print him up about old Sweep and his end in the foundations. He'll make an example of his water—Charlie says they call him Bobby's husband." "But surely he'll have to be a client who's behind him." "No. He's just the type who would have rushed in anyhow. And he'll be time enough to put it under obligation when he's in himself." "I had to guard against an equally sympathetic volunteer as she asked. "How I'd like to see him for?" "Eight days." "Well, then, you'll know best or worse, say day tomorrow." "Yes," he said, eagerly, almost. "I'll be there." "Way it goes, I'm afraid it will be a long time before you'll be able to see him, Blanche; some of our friends will be about to way I want this to be the way our lives." (What they did with their wife is told in the full installment "The Thousandth Woman," in the January Harper's BAZAR.)

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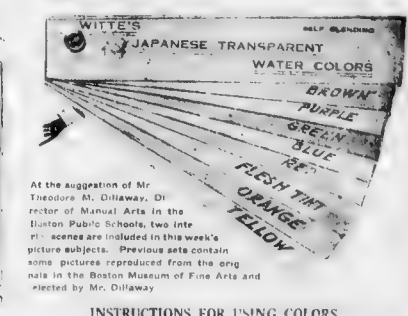
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In two more weeks the Boston American's water coloring competition will end. Any girl or boy who has not yet started to color the exquisite pictures which have been offered from week to week CAN BEGIN RIGHT NOW. Today's set is the 10th. There will be 12 sets in all. Just clip the coupon NOW and get the first 10 sets. You need not color them all—only one picture—any one you choose from each set, then after the 12th set is offered send in your 12 colored pictures to the American as directed in the rules printed below. You will find it the most interesting work you have ever tried, and besides the fun of coloring the pictures you may share in the \$2,000 Educational Fund, which will be given as awards of merit for the best hand coloring work. Add last, but not by any means least, if you are among the prize winners, it will bring great honor not only to yourself but to your school and teacher. Get the first 10 sets today and GO IN AND WIN!

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1st Prize..... \$25	2nd Prize..... \$15	1st Prize..... \$25	2nd Prize..... \$15	1st Prize..... \$25	2nd Prize..... \$15	1st Prize..... \$25	2nd Prize..... \$15	1st Prize..... \$25	2nd Prize..... \$15
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15th Prize..... \$0.15	16th Prize..... \$0.07	15th Prize..... \$0.15	16th Prize..... \$0.07	15th Prize..... \$0.15	16th Prize..... \$0.07	15th Prize..... \$0.15	16th Prize..... \$0.07	15th Prize..... \$0.15	16th Prize..... \$0.07
17th Prize..... \$0.07	18th Prize..... \$0.03	17th Prize..... \$0.07	18th Prize..... \$0.03	17th Prize..... \$0.07	18th Prize..... \$0.03	17th Prize..... \$0.07	18th Prize..... \$0.03	17th Prize..... \$0.07	18th Prize..... \$0.03
19th Prize..... \$0.03	20th Prize..... \$0.01	19th Prize..... \$0.03	20th Prize..... \$0.01	19th Prize..... \$0.03	20th Prize..... \$0.01	19th Prize..... \$0.03	20th Prize..... \$0.01	19th Prize..... \$0.03	20th Prize..... \$0.01

THE PRIZES WILL BE DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS:

CLASS A.	CLASS B.	CLASS C.	CLASS D.	CLASS E.	SPECIAL.
1st Prize..... \$500	1st Prize..... \$250	1st Prize..... \$125	1st Prize..... \$62	1st Prize..... \$31	1st Prize..... \$15
2nd Prize..... \$250	2nd Prize..... \$125	2nd Prize..... \$62	2nd Prize..... \$31	2nd Prize..... \$15	2nd Prize..... \$7
3rd Prize..... \$125	3rd Prize..... \$62	3rd Prize..... \$31	3rd Prize..... \$15	3rd Prize..... \$7	3rd Prize..... \$3
4th Prize..... \$62	4th Prize..... \$31	4th Prize..... \$15	4th Prize..... \$7	4th Prize..... \$3	4th Prize..... \$1
5th Prize..... \$31	5th Prize..... \$15	5th Prize..... \$7	5th Prize..... \$3	5th Prize..... \$1	5th Prize..... \$0.50
6th Prize..... \$15	6th Prize..... \$7	6th Prize..... \$3	6th Prize..... \$1	6th Prize..... \$0.50	6th Prize..... \$0.25
7th Prize..... \$7	7th Prize..... \$3	7th Prize..... \$1	7th Prize..... \$0.50	7th Prize..... \$0.25	7th Prize..... \$0.12
8th Prize..... \$3	8th Prize..... \$1	8th Prize..... \$0.50	8th Prize..... \$0.25	8th Prize..... \$0.12	8th Prize..... \$0.06
9th Prize..... \$1	9th Prize..... \$0.50	9th Prize..... \$0.25	9th Prize..... \$0.12	9th Prize..... \$0.06	9th Prize..... \$0.03
10th Prize..... \$0.50	10th Prize..... \$0.25	10th Prize..... \$0.12	10th Prize..... \$0.06	10th Prize..... \$0.03	10th Prize..... \$0.01

THIS WEEK'S WATER COLOR SET, as well as the nine sets previously offered, may be obtained at the AMERICAN PROMOTION DEPT., No. 5 WINTHROP SQUARE, OR AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSDEALER'S.

Coming Events

**Last Lap of Trip Before He Settles Down Will
Cover Twenty Thousand Miles**

FASHION NOTE—Melville Hammett, who writes pieces for the papers about "Years of Discretion," has discarded silk hose for the more unromantic woolen socks. "Regardless of appearances," he confesses, "it must keep in good health."

COLD WEATHER NOTE—Motion pictures of Captain Scott's expedition to the South Pole will be shown at Tremont Temple tomorrow and will continue through the annual February show.



SEAT SALE THURSDAY 9 A. M.

DELPHINE

"The Undying Story of Captain Scott."

BOSTON THEATRE
 FROMMAN HARRIS CORP.
 LESSEES AND MANAGERS
 EVENINGS AT 7:45
 MAT. WED. AND SAT. 2

LAST WEEK

ONLY 6 NIGHTS — 2 MATINEES
The Whip Will Not Appear in Any Other New England City

THE WHIP

POP. WED. SAT.
 75c 50c 1.00 1.50

AT EVERY PERFORMANCE
 500 LOWER FLOOR SEATS \$1.00

**SEE IT NOW
 LAST CHANCE**

Next Attraction Monday, Feb. 2
 LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
 William A. Brady's Special Production

WAY DOWN EAST

POP. WED. SAT.
 25c 50c ALL SEATS

BIGGER, BETTER THAN EVER
 25c, 50c, 75c \$1.00
 SEAT SALE THURSDAY 5 P. M.



Amusements.

Chicago Times.
L. B. & Harter,
Editors & Managers.
Evenings & Mails.
Wed. & Sat. 2.

PARK

Second Week—Limited Engagement
BLACK & PHILLAGER
Present

ROBERT HILLIARD

in the **REAL Detective Play**
The Argyle Case

By Harriet Ford, Harvey J. O'Higgins and
Detective William J. Burns

**GRIPPING
THRILLING
LAUGHING
SUCCESS**

SEE THE DICTIONARY!
HEAR THE ROSEBOPHONES!
WATCH THE FINGER PRINTS!

Amusements.

Mail and
Telephone Orders
within Province,
and
Outside
Prices \$1.00, \$1.75.

THE JOY OF LIFE

COLONIAL

THEATRE

Charles Froese & Will Hanna,
Owners and Managers

START LAUGHING
AT 8 SHARP

MATINEES WED.,
AND SAT. AT 2

SEVEN
TIMES
WEEKLY

A RUSHING
STREAM
OF
JOYOUS
TUNES
&
MELODIES

OH! OH!
DELPHINE

BY HENRY
W. ERLANGER &
MUSICAL
COMPOSER BY THOMAS HAYES

Wed. Fri. and Sat.
MATINEES
at 2:15
EVENINGS at 8:15

Majestic

William - Shubert
Co.
Provincetown.
Tremont St., N.
Boston, N.
Telephone Os. 4

POSITIVELY LAST WEEK BEGINNING TOMORROW NIGHT

LITTLE WOMEN

LOUISA M. ALCOTT'S WORLD FAMOUS STORY

A Play That Brings You Face to Face With an Intensely Interesting and Inspiring Family That Lived in the Early 40's. YOU'LL BE SORRY IF YOU MISS IT.

NEXT WEEK For Two Weeks Only
MR. WINTHROP
AMES
PRESENTS
A FANTASY
WITH MUSIC

SEATS 10c **THURS.** Mail Order 10c

Prunella

With MARGUERITE CLARK in The This Re-
produced from the Book "The Two Faces of Love"

TREMBLING TEMPLE

Twice daily, at 5 a. m.
Starting Monday, May 1.
Excepting 3rd, Eve.
Prices 25c, 35c, 50c.

"Nothing New Under the Sun," Eh?

Well, gentle reader, what do you know about the peninsula of the Antarctic? Have you ever seen a polar bear? Or even any coming upon the stage, would you? They are! and then the other side of the globe, a "calling of the seals" and there the huge Weddell seals, the towering skua gulls, the ferocious killer whales and all the other strange animals of the South Pole.

Captain Robert Falcon Scott encountered on his trip to the North Pole.

He'll be honored, instructed and thrilled as never before by the marvellous motion pictures, taken by G. G. Postings, a member of the British Antarctic Expedition, entitled

"The Undying Story of Captain Scott."

Boston American Society and Foreign News

NEWS OF SOCIETY

By The Chaperone

Miss Ruth Draper, who was recently introduced to society, is one of the smart affairs of the year, and is expected to be an important debutante this winter. She has been among the popular guests at the Winter House, and was hostess on Thursday evening at her Dartmouth street home for a dinner dance given in honor of Mrs. French Van Hook for several days. Miss Elizabeth Bowker has taken a prominent part in these social occasions.

THAT interesting young woman, Katherine Amory, whose engagement to James R. Hooper, Jr., was recently announced, is to be among the brides of the early Spring, as she has decided upon April 15 as her wedding day. The ceremony is to take place at Trinity Church and will be among the largest and most fashionable of the Easter period.

Miss Amory is the daughter of Mrs. Robert Amory of Beacon street and a sister of Miss Mary Amory, who was a debutante of a few seasons ago, and of Miss Marget Amory, who is still in the schoolroom. She is a most attractive girl and will make a decidedly picturesque bride. It is said that she will number her two sisters among her attendants.

Mr. Hooper is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Hooper (Gertrude Williams) of Beacon street and is a Harvard '08 man and a prominent member of the Tennis and Racquet and other clubs. His sisters are Miss Adeline Hooper and Miss Gertrude Hooper, who has not yet been presented. His brother is Roger F. Hooper, Harvard '11.



PHOTO BY CHAPLAIN STUDIOS



MARY SHREVE AMES.



RUTH DRAPER
PHOTO BY MISS JACK FAIRCHILD.

MISS EDWARD D. BRANDENBERG, who has been doing a great deal of entertaining in the winter, has two more social affairs scheduled for the near future. The coming of February 15, will mark the annual dinner given at her country estate, and the evening of February 21 will give a winter affair.

Mrs. Brandenberg's last two seasons were wonderful for her. The winter dinner, which was particularly successful, was held at her country estate, and was a most successful affair. It was of black and white, with a lot of red, and was a most successful affair.

Mrs. Brandenberg has been much entertaining in the winter, and has been doing a great deal of entertaining in the winter. She has been doing a great deal of entertaining in the winter, and has been doing a great deal of entertaining in the winter.

"The Art of the House," a book by Mrs. Brandenberg, is a most interesting book. It is a book about the art of the house, and is a most interesting book. It is a book about the art of the house, and is a most interesting book.

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ELIZABETH BOWKER

Weddings By the Chaperone

QUITE the most startling thing which happened in society the past week was the marriage on Wednesday of pretty Katherine Hubbard and Thomas Jefferson Newbold. The engagement was only announced last Sunday and their many friends were looking forward to a wedding much later, of course, when they could all join in the happy event. But pretty Katherine saw things otherwise and not caring a rap for all the fuss and feathers which a large wedding necessitates took the advice of her fiancé and married almost immediately after the announcement.

Miss Hubbard is the only daughter of Gorman Hubbard of Beacon street, and a niece of Mrs. J. M. McAllister of Dartmouth street. She was a debutante of three winters ago when she was presented at a ball at the Bowers when Mrs. McAllister received.

She is a petite brunette and one of the most graceful dancers of the Vincent Club, where she is always a feature of the annual spring performance. Her only brother is Gorman Hubbard, Jr., of the Great School. Miss Louise McAllister is a cousin.

Mr. Newbold is the only son of Mrs. Thomas Newbold of Madison avenue, New York, and a grandson of the Hon. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge. He graduated from Harvard in 1910 and since then has figured prominently in society in Boston. His sisters are Miss Mary Newbold and Mrs. William Leonard Cross (Julia Newbold), who was married last April. Mrs. Lucius M. Sargent is an aunt and among a cousin is Mrs. Francis Lee Higginson Jr. His mother was Miss Sarah Coolidge.

The ceremony took place in Arlington street church and was performed by the Rev. Paul Harvey Frothingham. The bride was given in marriage by her mother and had to attendants who were a traveling party of four. She wore a traveling gown of blue, blue tulle with hat of black lace. The bridegroom was also attended.

The guests at the church were very few including Mr. Hubbard, the bride's father, Mr. and Mrs. Gorman Hubbard, Jr., and her younger sister, Miss Elizabeth Hubbard, also a very few relatives, with the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Newbold, and his sister, Miss Mary Newbold.

There was no reception after the ceremony and the young couple immediately left town. They sailed Friday from New York for Europe, where they are to remain indefinitely.

BY far the most brilliant event of the week was the wedding at Emmanuel on Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock of pretty, fair-haired Frances Surina, daughter of Mrs. Isaac M. Surina of Beacon street, and Franklin Clark of New York.

The church which had practically no decorations save a few palms and Southern shrubs was well filled with fashionably dressed guests representing the best of both New York and Boston society.

The ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Edward Worcester and the Rev. Donald Frothingham, was followed by a large reception at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. J. M. Gardner of Beacon street.

The bride, who is the only daughter of Mrs. Surina's six daughters to marry, was most attractive in her clinging gown of white satin trimmed with rare English lace. A family heirloom, a large velvet brocade on the corsage and the train was of two of velvet brocade. She wore a diamond pendant and rose pearls.

She is a petite and slender with pretty blonde coloring and in her white robes was a picture of grace. She wore a full veil caught to the shoulders with orange blossoms and carried valley flies.

She was attended by her oldest sister, Mrs. Theodore Scudder of Cambridge, as matron of honor, and had for her other attendants Mrs. Lindsey Clark Reid, a sister of the bridegroom, Miss Frances Nichols, who is herself to be a bride of the near future; Miss Elizabeth Thomas and Miss Ruth Harrington.

The matron of honor wore white champagne with ribbons of cream lace and a picture hat. She carried pink roses. The other attendants wore gowned alike in pale blue champagne with tulle of cream lace. Their hats were of pale blue with veils of gold lace edged with fur and trimmed with one large pink rose on the side and white hair streamers.

The bridegroom, who graduated from Harvard last June, had his brother, Richard, of Boston, for best man, and his uncles were: William Gardner, a cousin of the bride; Quincy A. McKim and Francis Pease, all three of Boston; Frederick Browne, Richard B. Hunt, Jr., and Henry Holt, all of New York, and Francis C. Christie of Philadelphia.

After their return from the honeymoon the young couple will live with the bride's mother. A prominent charity event of the week was the banquet at the Coppley-Place, on Wednesday noon for the benefit of Miss Abbott. The patronesses, most of whom were present, were: Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. John Lewis Brainerd, Mrs. John Lewis Brainerd, Mrs. Robert H. Gardner, Mrs. Harry Pratt McKim, Dudley I. Peckham, Mrs. Jean Randall, Mrs. Richard M. Watson, Mrs. Henry Sawyer, Mrs. Philip Hook, Mrs. John Hook, Mrs. John T. Thayer, Mrs. Augustus Thompson, Mrs. Randolph Tucker, Mrs. Samuel D. Warren, Jr., Mrs. Robert Wendall, Jr., and Mrs. Roger Whitcomb.

THERE'S TO BE "A GIRL IN A THOUSAND" IN ARLINGTON



Back row, left to right—Harriet Bishop, Frances Aborn, Josephine Lowe, Genevieve Caras, Elizabeth Case, Rosetta Darcy, Margaret Murphy, Florence Dunn. Front row—Nellie Donahue, May Scannell, Alice Savago, Mrs. Emma L. Evans, Anna Callahan.

In the WORLD of Society

THE dinner dance which Mrs. Edwin S. Webster gave Tuesday evening at her home in Clarendon street in honor of Miss Edith M. Hays of Baltimore, who is the house guest of Mrs. Francis W. Lee of Chestnut Hill, was quite the liveliest and most successful affair of the week.

Eighty-five young people were entertained at dinner, while others came in for the dancing which followed, and there were 175 guests in all. Local boys and his musicians came over from New York to play for the dancing and one of the most enthusiastically received selections was "Gypsy Rag," composed by Mr. Lavin and dedicated to Miss Webster, the daughter's daughter for whom so many delightful entertainments have been given.

"Gypsy Rag" is the name of the Webster country home where so much entertaining is done each season.

An interesting affair yesterday was the banquet given at the home of Mrs. Walter Austin in Dedham for the benefit of the Dedham Woman's Exchange and for which the patronesses were Mrs. Lindsey Loring, Mrs. George R. Rice, Mrs. Henry E. Quincy, Mrs. William B. Rogers and Mrs. Francis W. Walsh.

AMONG the interesting events of the week just passed was the luncheon on Sunday which Mrs. Moses B. Bradford gave in honor of her son-in-law and for which the patronesses were Mrs. Lindsey Loring, Mrs. George R. Rice, Mrs. Henry E. Quincy, Mrs. William B. Rogers and Mrs. Francis W. Walsh.

ON Monday the day was filled with smart events, including the Clark-Hunter party, which was naturally the most important; the luncheon given by Mrs. Charles M. Boyd of Newton gave at the Algonquin, and Mrs. William M. Peters' fancy dress dance at the Bowers. The evening for her pretty daughter, Miss Amy Peters, when she was eight hours, when the young people in their picturesque and elaborate costumes departed for home.

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THE four-act comedy, "A Girl in a Thousand" will be presented in the Dedham Memorial Town Hall, Arlington, on Wednesday evening by the dramatic club of St. James Court, teachers of Isabella.

The participants have been rehearsing for six weeks and the production promises to outshine any of the previous plays by the dramatic club of the court. Mrs. James I. Evans is the director of the production.

The cast of characters includes: Mrs. A. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I. J. K., Mrs. L. M. N., Mrs. O. P. Q., Mrs. R. S. T., Mrs. U. V. W., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. B. C., Mrs. D. E. F., Mrs. G. H. I., Mrs. J. K. L., Mrs. M. N. O., Mrs. P. Q. R., Mrs. S. T. U., Mrs. V. W. X., Mrs. Y. Z. A., Mrs. B. C. D., Mrs. E. F. G., Mrs. H. I. J., Mrs. K. L. M., Mrs. N. O. P., Mrs. Q. R. S., Mrs. T. U. V., Mrs. W. X. Y., Mrs. Z. A. B., Mrs. C. D. E., Mrs. F. G. H., Mrs. I.

'SILENT GLIDE' FOR GIRLS OF FORT HILL TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Here are Miss Mary A. Coughlin (at the top), president of the Coburneentee Club, and Miss Edythe R. Mosher, the secretary of the organization.



Miss Mary A. Coughlin, president of the Coburneentee Club.



Miss Edythe R. Mosher, secretary of the organization.

SOMERVILLE

The Wisteria Girls, a club of Somerville telephone girls, will hold their annual dance party at the Antone Academy, School street, Somerville, Thursday evening, January 22, 1914.

Miss Adelaide Marone will be in charge of the affair, assisted by Miss Mary Ryan, Helen Ryan, Adeline Murphy, Margaret H. Murphy, Mabel Shuman and Miss Swanson.

The young men who will assist the young ladies are James Ford, Bernard Hagan, John Poirer, Clarence Ingalls and James Flatt.

The feature of the evening will be a snowflake dance, following which will be a star feature.

The Harp-Gurdy Girls, who will appear in an elaborate production of "The Harp-Gurdy Girls," will appear in the Harp-Gurdy Girls.

The Harp-Gurdy Girls, who will appear in an elaborate production of "The Harp-Gurdy Girls," will appear in the Harp-Gurdy Girls.

The Harp-Gurdy Girls, who will appear in an elaborate production of "The Harp-Gurdy Girls," will appear in the Harp-Gurdy Girls.

The Harp-Gurdy Girls, who will appear in an elaborate production of "The Harp-Gurdy Girls," will appear in the Harp-Gurdy Girls.

The Harp-Gurdy Girls, who will appear in an elaborate production of "The Harp-Gurdy Girls," will appear in the Harp-Gurdy Girls.

The Harp-Gurdy Girls, who will appear in an elaborate production of "The Harp-Gurdy Girls," will appear in the Harp-Gurdy Girls.

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MALEDEN

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the annual gentlemen's night of the Plymouth Reading Club of Malden. Upon invitation of Mrs. Edgar S. Tobin of Norwell road, Melrose Highlands, the party will be held at her handsome new residence. A committee in charge of Mrs. Tobin is arranging the program. The next club meeting will be held February 10, with Mrs. M. L. Barry of Main street, Malden, as hostess.

The annual invitation dancing party of the 1914 B'nai B'rith girls will be held in Old Fellows Hall, Malden, Friday evening, January 30.

A well-known social is being planned for the Harmony Trio Society and will take place in Edward Hall January 25. Edward Mayhew and John Lewis are in charge of the evening.

A musicale will be given early in February by the Quaker Circle of the Moriah Memorial Church, Boston.

St. Margaret's Society of St. Paul's Church will give a concert January 25 in the parish hall. The soloists of the evening will be Mrs. E. J. Macdonald, Miss E. Araratian, Miss Mabel Shalinski and H. Rupert Blum.

President Frank J. Bartlett of the Boston Ice Company, who is a resident of Malden, accompanied by his wife and daughter, will arrive here February 2 for Alexandria and Jaffa, on the steamer Rotterdam from New York, and will visit Egypt and Palestine.

The Men's Club of the Linden Church will give a social on Wednesday evening, February 2.

Miss Edith Lind and Mrs. Thompson will be in Malden for the winter, and will be in Malden for the winter.

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Consider the Man Who Advertises

DO YOU think the largest and most successful merchants in Boston—those who have made the most money and whose standing is the highest—would spend Millions of Dollars for advertising each year if they did not get profitable results?

You cannot impugn the methods or means of those who are successful. You cannot go back of indisputable facts in proving or disproving a statement.

business that involves the buying and selling of commodities designed for home use and personal adornment.

There's a conclusive and unanswerable argument.

And it is a fact—conceded wherever a knowledge of advertising exists—that the foremost merchants of Boston—those who have hammered their way to such pronounced success that their names are household words—those who transact the largest volume of business—those who have the most money and make the most money every year—have, in the past years, invested millions of dollars in newspaper advertising without adding to the retail prices of their goods.

On the contrary, they have enviable reputations for underselling—a natural sequence of advertising when it is intelligently applied to a

Frequently style and quality are the guides that lead to important purchases, and naturally those who take the Boston American read and respond to the advertising found in its columns day after day.

Your neglect to advertise costs you dearly in customers you might supply with a portion of everything you have to sell.

"Many a truth is spoken in jest," and this bit of pleasantry makes an important point:—

MELROSE

Melrose Highlands Women's Club will give a social on Thursday evening, February 2, at the club house, 111 Curtis street, Melrose. The program will include a musical and a play. Tickets are \$1.00.

HYDE PARK

The Epworth League of Melrose will give a social on Thursday evening, February 2, at the club house, 111 Curtis street, Melrose. The program will include a musical and a play. Tickets are \$1.00.

ROXBURY

The Epworth League of Melrose will give a social on Thursday evening, February 2, at the club house, 111 Curtis street, Melrose. The program will include a musical and a play. Tickets are \$1.00.

CHARLESTOWN

The Epworth League of Melrose will give a social on Thursday evening, February 2, at the club house, 111 Curtis street, Melrose. The program will include a musical and a play. Tickets are \$1.00.

The Boston American's big, intelligent family spend a Million Dollars daily for the mere necessities of life. Its 400,000 responsive readers represent a great proportion of the real buying power of Boston and surrounding territory. And merchants and manufacturers who cultivate this clientele regularly cannot help but share in the continued profits of their permanent patronage.

Boston American

A Personal Power with 400,000 Responsive Readers

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